

IN MEMORY OF MGR. WILLIAM H. COLOGAN

(1849—1918)

THE subject of this notice—the youngest son of John Bernard Cologan and Teresa Villitta—was born in Corfu on December 8, 1849: early in 1851 he came to England with his parents. He was educated privately until 1861, when he went to Oscott, where he remained for five years. After this he attended University College, London, for a year or two; he had been intended for the Consular or Diplomatic Service, for which he had received a nomination, but his vocation to the priesthood was so manifest that the intention was abandoned, and he was sent to the English College established by Sir John Sutton at Bruges, of which he was one of the last students. Here he completed his studies and received his Orders up to the priesthood, which was conferred on him by Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Manning at Archbishop's House, on September 30, 1873. Among his fellow-students at Bruges were the late Dr. Schobel and Dom Gilbert Higgins, the latter of whom delivered an address at his grave.

From his earliest childhood William Cologan showed the qualities of piety and gentleness, generosity and unselfishness, which characterized his whole life. At school as at college, he was regarded as an example of edification, but there was nothing of the prig about him, either then or at a later period; he enjoyed fun and promoted it in others.

Father Cologan's first missionary work was at Homerton, with Canon Akers; then he went to St. Scholastica's Home at Clapton. Both at the Home and at Homer Row, where he went when he left Clapton, his youthful appearance attracted notice, not always favourable—one old woman in the work-house refused to go to confession to "a boy"; another, having accepted his ministrations with equanimity, blessed him and prayed that he might live to be a man! While at Homer Row a severe attack of typhoid, the seeds of which were sown at Clapton, incapacitated Father Cologan for work; on his recovery he was sent, in October, 1877, to Stock, where

the remainder of his missionary life was passed. Here he lived for twenty years at Lilystone Hall, then in the occupation of the brothers Gillow and their sister, to whom, besides being priest of the mission, he was chaplain; and it was here that the Catholic Truth Society may be said to have originated.

Stock and its neighbourhood had been familiar to me from early childhood as the residence of relations with whom my holidays were sometimes spent; and it was one of these, who was slightly acquainted with Father Cologan, that invited him to meet me at her house. We soon discovered that we had interests in common, and acquaintance rapidly ripened into friendship. Among the subjects we were wont to discuss at our not infrequent meetings was the need of cheap Catholic literature, to the production of which Mr. Alfred Newdigate, through the Art and Book Company which he had established at Leamington, had given an impetus. By degrees we interested a few others in the matter, and it was decided to form a little Society having the promotion of such literature as its object. The support of Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Vaughan was secured, and at his suggestion we adopted the name of the Catholic Truth Society, founded by him some years before, which had fallen into abeyance: later, at one of our Conferences, his Eminence referred to this as a coach which he had built, but which "did not move until Mgr. Cologan and Mr. Britten came to draw it along." The early history of the Society is told in a paper read at the Conference held in Manchester in 1909 in connection with the silver jubilee of the Society which has been published by the C.T.S. in pamphlet form: for the present purpose it is sufficient to say that the Society was formally established on November 5, 1884, with Dr. Vaughan as President and Father Cologan and myself as Honorary Secretaries.

Although, as we shall see, Mgr. Cologan had many other claims upon the gratitude of Catholics, it is with C.T.S. that his name is most generally associated, and it is not too much to say that such success as the Society has attained is largely due to his co-operation. Such a work could not have been set on foot without the active concurrence of a priest who, without neglecting his ordinary duties, could devote time to its development—a priest who should be well read and capable of taking part in literary work, tactful in manner, popular

with his brother clergy, and able to work in association with the laity: all these qualifications Father Cologan possessed in no ordinary degree, and our relations from the beginning were of the most cordial nature. For many years we were accustomed to send each other all the letters we received relating to the Society's work, and we frequently met to discuss plans and developments. In connection with C.T.S. he made many converts by correspondence, some of whom came to him to be received into the Church: his instruction was very thorough, and in this lay the secret of his success. He was rarely without some one under instruction: "Father Cologan is a dangerous man," said one of the neighbouring clergy—a dictum which greatly delighted its subject.

In 1897, after the death of the Gillows, Father Cologan went to live at the new presbytery that had been built, and many pleasant week-ends I spent with him there. He had a large garden in which he took much delight, especially in the roses in which it abounded. Although not a proficient, he was interested in botany, and knew fairly well the plants of his neighbourhood; he was greatly pleased that his name was associated with the genus *Cologania*,—so entitled by a German botanist in recognition of the important services which had been rendered by the Cologan family to the naturalists and navigators who had visited Teneriffe, with which island the family had been associated since the year 1600. Archæology and ecclesiology had also attractions for Father Cologan; he was much interested in the parish church, where he found the old altar-stone in the floor at the entrance, placed there in accordance with the pleasing Reformation custom of thus desecrating what had been consecrated to sacred use.

The establishment of the mission in the neighbouring village of Billericay, which the extension of the G.E.R. had brought into prominence, was due to his zeal: for three years before a church was provided (in 1914) he was accustomed to say Mass in a house there, cycling over for the purpose.

Interested as he was in all branches of Catholic social work, it was the League of the Cross to which Mgr. Cologan chiefly devoted his energies. Himself a total abstainer, he was for many years Secretary to the Father Mathew Union of priest-abstainers, and in conjunction with his friend the late Sir Francis Cruise, wrote *The Catholic Temperance Reader*, which elicited the warm approval of Cardinal Vaughan and

was recommended by him for use in our schools. Besides a Life of Father Mathew, Mgr. Cologan wrote for C.T.S. a *Temperance Catechism* and a temperate well-reasoned pamphlet on *Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View*. He gave me much help with *The League of the Cross Magazine*, to which he contributed articles and stories: one of the latter—*Molly's Prayer*—was reprinted by C.T.S.

Equally keen was his interest in the Catholic Needlework Guild—one of the many organizations which owe their existence to the Catholic Truth Society. His sister, during a long period of years dating from its foundation in 1886, acted as Honorary Secretary with conspicuous success, and Father Cologan took a leading part in its work, acting as chaplain, attending the meetings, and promoting the work by his advice and support.

Although Mgr. Cologan's literary style had no particular distinction, his writing was always simple and to the point: he had indeed that capacity for taking pains which has been regarded as a mark of genius. His contributions to C.T.S., in addition to the Temperance publications already mentioned, included *A Scriptural Life of the Blessed Virgin*, *The Life and Writings of St. Peter*, a Life of Blessed John Fisher and devotional treatises on *The Affections in Mental Prayer*, and *The Last Sacraments*: his most important work for the Society, however, was the *Simple Prayer Book*; much of this he wrote himself, although in its compilation he obtained the help of priests and nuns accustomed to deal with converts and children. He also edited a volume entitled *Folia Fugitiva*, containing papers read by the late Bishop Bellord, Mgr. E. J. Watson, Dr. Fortescue, and himself at informal meetings of the clergy of his deanery. He originated and for many years entirely undertook the work of the magic-lantern department of C.T.S., writing some of the lectures and preparing many of the sets of slides.

As a speaker Mgr. Cologan was not effective: his voice was weak and did not carry, although, as often happens with inaudible speakers, he was not easily convinced of this. For the same reason he was not a preacher: but the short instructions—they were hardly sermons—which he gave at the Sunday Mass were models of directness and simplicity. He was exceedingly punctilious in the fulfilment of his priestly duties, and even when travelling rarely omitted his daily

Mass. I remember on a holiday with him in Switzerland that his first concern on arriving at a place was to arrange for Mass next morning: at Spiez on the Lake of Thun we found that a small chapel, at some distance from our hotel, used during the summer, had not yet been opened; Father Cologan sent to Thun for the key and for vestments, etc. and we went up there every morning during our stay. It was on the same holiday that by misdirection we found ourselves in the "Old Catholic" church in Berne: Father Cologan was at once absorbed in devotion; my own prayers were "few and short," and my attention was attracted by a notice headed "*Église Catholique Nationale*," which showed how the land lay—I shall never forget how he jumped when I communicated my discovery! It was but rarely that Father Cologan took a holiday: in 1906, however, he went to Rome, where Pope Pius X., to whom he presented an address from the Catholic Truth Society, received him with much kindness. In 1909, at the instance of Cardinal (then Archbishop) Bourne, he was raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Mgr. Cologan's personal influence was afforded by the position which he occupied in the village. The Catholics were few and converts rare; for both Mgr. Cologan and those to whom he was chaplain had strong views against the association of temporal with spiritual inducements. Yet, although quiet and gentle in manner, he was undoubtedly the most influential as he was the most popular man in Stock; he was Secretary of the Cricket Club and of the Horticultural Society—in each case at the request of a deputation; he established a Choral Society, whose meetings sometimes terminated with a dance; he lectured on various subjects, illustrating his discourses with slides he had himself prepared. He was on cordial terms with the Anglican clergy of the neighbourhood, whom he sometimes entertained at lunch and with whom he discussed in a friendly way points of controversy, sometimes putting an innocent question difficult to answer; *e.g.*, "If I wanted to join the Church of England, which Church of England should I join?" One of them, who later became Treasurer to the C.T.S., he brought into the Church; with the rector of the parish he had contests in chess, none the less friendly because in the field of controversy and in the local paper their relations were

less cordial: it was one of the rector's flock who said to me: "I see that Mr. — is writing against Mgr. Cologan again; I wish he wouldn't, for he always gets the worst of it!" He knew every one in the village, and was always glad to be of service; if folk wanted to let their houses for a period, Father Cologan was applied to; in another walk of life he would settle domestic difficulties. His knowledge of gardening and his interest in flowers brought him into contact with those of like tastes. He was in fact a striking example of what may be done by a tactful and sympathetic priest in a Protestant community. I ventured once to say to him something to this effect, and he said: "Well, I think it would be difficult in the future to stir up any anti-Catholic feeling in the village."

At the end of 1913 the work of thirty-seven years came to a close. Mgr. Cologan had for some time been failing in health; and earlier in that year he had been compelled to take a rest of six months, at the conclusion of which he was told by the doctors whom he consulted that he must abandon work. With his sister, who had been living with him for some years, he went to Eltham, where the remainder of his life was spent in retirement, with a resignation and patience which edified all around him. By his own wish, as expressed many years before, he was buried at Stock, where the respect attaching to his memory was shown by the whole village: the funeral procession from the chapel to the cemetery was attended with every sign of mourning, the bell of the parish church tolling the while. There was a peculiar fitness in the fact that the Bishop of Brentwood, who gave the address in the chapel, was one of the earliest supporters of the Society to which Mgr. Cologan devoted so much of his life's work, and which will always be a memorial of his zeal for the Faith.

JAMES BRITTEN.

BEFORE THE ASSAULT

STAR-CANDLES on the altar of the world,
 Lit by God's folk at the Benediction hour,
 The while the smoke of our poor prayers lies curled
 Like suppliant hands about the feet of Power.
 Candles of God, burn steadily to-night!
 When our last hymn steals to the winter sky,
 Fill this grim hour with ever-singing light,
 Lest we be mournful, marching out to die.

J. B. MORTON.

THE ACADEMY

A CHAPTER OF MEMORIES.

OPPPOSITE to the garden of the Rectory stood a row of houses, smoke-blackened and rather grim, but having about them an air of respectability, even of gentility that impressed the passer-by.

In one of these houses lived a Methodist minister, in another a *real* lady. You must emphasize the *real*, for in this part of Manchester a pedigree is as rare as a primrose, and a family tree flourishes no more than other trees. How the real lady came to live in that house is a story too long for these pages. But she came, shedding romance around her. One legend alone will show her importance in our little world.

As a child she had been playing in the palace of the Czar Nicholas and had hidden herself under his writing-desk.

The Czar came into the room with one of his officers. He was very angry about some affair of state. His fury at last became so volcanic that the little child under the writing-desk got frightened and clutched the royal leg. As the *real* lady lived to grow up, one can only suppose that Nicholas forgave her.

The last house of the row was called Trentonville. It bore a brass plate whereon the word "Academy" was engraved. For a time this word had no significance for me although I knew the house well. On Monday evenings we went there for dancing lessons. We curtsied, set to corners, *chasséd* and performed heavy polkas while the patient Miss Parkinson cried, "One—two—three—'op! One—two—three—'op!" But the academic side of the house was not evident at these times, and it was not until I had attained the mature age of seven that I became fully acquainted with the Academy and with Mr. Parkinson, its preceptor.

As a man I had known Mr. Parkinson for some years. He was an impressive figure, one that a child would be quick to notice. In face he was like Don Quixote, yet with something that made the pictures of Charles Dickens seem familiar. He was tall and spare and so lame that he always walked with a stick. It was his daily custom to attend Matins and

Evensong, and if the time of these services had to be changed one of us was always sent to warn Mr. Parkinson. The sound of his stick and his limping step on the aisle together with his emphatic "Eh-men" became an inherent part of the office.

If I met Mr. Parkinson in the street he would always politely ask my taste in sweets. Together we then proceeded to a small shop round the corner where stood jars rich in sticky splendour, brown, pink and golden as to their contents. Great bootlaces of liquorice hung there and you might buy for a halfpenny a gelatine serpent with ruby eyes to match his yellow body. My own taste lay in the direction of chocolate drops covered with those white "hundreds and thousands," or those pink and white sweets that defy the teeth stoutly and then suddenly with a crunch capitulate the fortress of burnt almond within. We called them "cocks' eggs," but they have, no doubt, some more scientific name.

I was seven years old when parental authority decided that I should become a student at the Parkinson Academy. It was to be an initiation into school discipline before a boarding school should absorb me into its dark abyss. Accordingly I was equipped for my scholarly occupations with a satchel and a pencil-box, a slate, and "a pennorth" of slatepencils. We sallied forth, my father and I, across the garden and through the little door under the lime trees. With great solemnity we crossed the street to Trentonville and rang the Academy bell. The door was opened by Miss Parkinson, who welcomed me kindly, for we had been friends since a remote day in a now-forgotten past.

Miss Parkinson ushered us into the parlour and disappeared in search of the Master.

What a deep impression a room makes on a little child when the occasion is one of solemnity overshadowed by awe. The Trentonville parlour is so deeply engraved on my memory that it will be for me the typical parlour all my days.

The windows were hung with white lace curtains, revealing a chastened glimpse of the street without. The furniture was solid and for the most part comfortably spread with wool-work, miracles of industry wrought by Miss Parkinson, a person of parts, nimble-fingered, nimble-tongued, who could converse very admirably with a child and yet show no sign of condescension. I remember clearly the horsehair sofa with

its cover of green and red in alternate stripes. There was the piano too, a piano much abused by the laborious fingers of the young who learnt the rudiments of music under this long-suffering lady. It must, poor old piano—Collard and Collard its patronymic, I fancy—have been soul-sick of "Come back to Erin," "Home, Home, sweet Home," "The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," the "Joyful Peasant," and all the tedious round of infantine melody. The name "Claribel" rings in my thoughts as I think of that patient old piano in the Academy parlour.

The bookcases had glass doors, but these were opened frequently and a careful pupil might always borrow one of the treasures. Scott and Harrison Ainsworth, F. R. Marriott, Charles Reade, Jules Verne, G. P. R. James, W. H. G. Kingston, Dickens—such was the company within. Near one of these bookcases was a corner cabinet that contained curiosities. It was at all times a source of exquisite speculation to us. Its treasures were things to be fondly coveted but rarely handled. They had been sent home by Edward, the eldest of the family, from remote geographical regions where Edward was seeking his fortune. Whether Edward found a fortune or not I cannot say, but I know he found a nugget of gold, a piece of silkstone, and other desirable and precious things that should have made his journey well worth while.

It was during this survey of the parlour on the momentous occasion of my first going to school that Mr. Parkinson presented himself in the new light of a teacher. The tap of his stick always heralded his approach, a disadvantage this for a schoolmaster, but in his case a sort of distinction.

I cannot remember what passed between my father and the schoolmaster. There were times when they found themselves opposed, but for the most part they were friends, and there was never, even in times of war, a feeling less than mutual respect between them. Both were fine talkers, vivid of mind and quick of speech. Both were antiquaries with a romantic love of the past as of a time that might be realized in all its colour and movement by those who would reconstruct it. Mr. Parkinson belonged to the past already, so it seemed to me; and I think I was right in this. Commercial Lancashire was nothing to him. The old gallant Lancashire, loyal to forlorn causes, was his native county. Already he was lagging behind the hurrying pace of commercial education and

his school was dwindling, absorbed by Grammar and High Schools at one end and by the National School at the other.

Presently my father went away, having handed me over to my Dominie. The old man smiled upon me benevolently and taking me by the hand led me to the schoolroom.

It was a long sunny room lighted by two windows. There were desks along the walls, a table, a slate cupboard and a large desk facing the fireplace. At this sat Mr. Parkinson, presiding over the Academy.

In my time the scholars only numbered about fourteen or so. In its day the school had flourished and had known boarders, but the day had passed and the Academy was in a noble decline. A medley of girls and boys were at work in the schoolroom. To Mr. Parkinson we were young gentlemen and ladies, to each other we were as ordinary little rascals of boys and girls as ever saw the light. We were of ages that ranged from seven to seventeen, so we worked in a detached spirit at tasks assorted for us.

I was immediately set to work on a copy-book but this mild task gave me leisure to observe my surroundings and my company. I noticed a rosy boy with dark hair who pulled faces at me across the room, a pleasant genial person with no taste for hard labour; and a rosy boy with fair hair whose ears were boxed suddenly by Mr. Parkinson for some stupidity unknown to us. His sobbings and sniffings made turmoil in the silence and sent the canary into an ecstasy of song. That canary, caged like ourselves, poured out his heart every day in vehement music while we strove with the three Rs.

At eleven there was a break of a quarter of an hour. This was my initiation into the social life of a school. The rosy-faced jocular boy asked me to repeat the alphabet, which I could not do, and a little girl proposed to me a complicated game which began by one of us saying "I went to A in a boat." As I knew the first half of the alphabet I arrived safely at "I went to L in a boat"—which elicited shrieks of joy or would-be horror from the listeners. It took me some time to grasp that the point of the game lay in the fact that the letter L exactly corresponded with my companions' pronunciation of Hell, and I felt indignant when a pious child led me aside and begged me earnestly to repent of my profanity before the sun went down.

Very soon I became a scholar to the manner born. The

daily rush to school was a part of life. The front door of the Academy was not my way of progress now, for I went by the playground and in at the side door.

We began and ended the day with a hymn and a prayer. After the opening hymn we said our lessons turn about at the big desk. In these days *A Child's Guide to Useful Knowledge* was an essential of education. I remember with most kindly feelings that admirable little book which asked a child the important question,—Who made him?—and then proceeded to test his mind as to the making of tea, flour, paper, gunpowder and other useful articles. A child who followed this faithful little guide ought to be a veritable Encyclopædia, but I cannot remember any of the instructions except some important facts about tea, its growth and varieties, Orange Pekoe and other high-sounding titles. Geography was a daily subject but I have no remembrance of Grammar. That detestable branch of knowledge was never mentioned, if I remember rightly. Perhaps our wise old master agreed with us that its importance is over-rated, for he taught us to read and write without a reference to Analysis.

The Multiplication table and all Weights and Measures we were required to know without mistakes. Standing in two lines, girls one side, boys the other, we were bidden to repeat our tables, taking places according to our knowledge. We were furnished, too, with an exact knowledge of the Kings of England and their dates from some remote period to our then regnant Sovereign, Victoria.

After these exercises of memory we read the Bible, verse about. These readings have imprinted on my mind for ever the death of Sisera and that remarkable passage,—“At her feet he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed there he fell down dead.”

School hours are very slow, twice as slow as ordinary hours. It seemed to me an eternity till twelve o'clock, when we banged down our slates and scrambled off the forms to rush into the sunshine. Yet there was a certain value in the slow minutes of schooltime. A copybook gave the writer's mind leisure for contemplation on other matters than its excellent maxims, “Evil communications corrupt good manners,” and the like.

The sunny room and the noble old man at his desk had something of the picturesque about them that impressed one

child for ever. Romance, a spiritual atmosphere beyond our definition, hung about him. What gallant feats of penmanship he could perform at the opening or close of a copybook. And a fine gentleness inspired his dealings with his girl scholars. A little girl who brought her slate correct in every sum would be drawn forward and kissed with a sort of royal solemnity before the watchful Academy. He laid stress on the necessity of our gloves during our journeys to and from school. We were young ladies and gloves were our sign manual. For me, on the day I lost my garter, he had a serious glance over his spectacles and a summons to fetch that useful article from his desk. "Some young lady has dropped her garter in the schoolroom. She can come forward and fetch it."

But Mr. Parkinson excelled as a teacher of odd but interesting information. If we did not learn Grammar we made up with Anatomy. I remember a lesson on the bones of the human body and a skeleton drawn by my father, a ribald dancing skeleton he was too, for the furtherance of this knowledge. Two assertions of the master's linger with me yet: first, that you could touch the cornea of the eye without pain: secondly, that you could hold a finger in the yellow flame of the gas without discomfort. My own experiments, however, were painful.

Another subject, dear to his heart but not usually included in a school syllabus, was Drawing Room Conversation. It often pained him, he told us, to hear the fatuities of the drawing-room, the parochial gossip, the idle babble of the empty-headed. It occurred to him to arm his pupils with suitable subjects culled from the great world beyond the narrow borders of our parish. Accordingly, we learnt the names of all the reigning Sovereigns of Europe. The theory of it was excellent, but I, for one, never tested this subject by practice. I have never yet broken up parochial gossip by announcing tersely that Wilhelmina is Queen of Holland, nor put calumny to flight by some pleasing reference to Alfonso of Spain. But the fault is in the pupil, not in the master.

Mr. Parkinson was of that dying generation that conversed. His speech was drawn from a deep well of knowledge; it was coloured by vivid experience and its quality was that of good Rhenish wine. He looked at the world from some windblown eminence and saw it wide and beautiful. He strove to express

his thoughts in fine language, having a sense of the true ring and value of words.

"I would like," he said to me once, "so to steep my mind in the thoughts of our noblest writers that my speech should flow forth with the same grace as theirs."

Even in the feckless wanton days of childhood, I prized this quality in him and counted it a privilege to walk in his little garden where the narrow paths were bordered by bushes of southernwood, the scent of them so potent to the mind that to-day it always wafts me back to that same little garden where my old master walked and talked with me.

Of all days of the week Friday was the best at that time. Friday closed the school week and the afternoon had something of leisure and anticipation about it. At three o'clock, books and slates were put away and Miss Parkinson appeared with a work-basket. This was a signal for the "young ladies" to produce somewhat grimy pieces of needlework, not unmarked by gore, and to gather round the table. The "young gentlemen" might draw or sit idle as they pleased.

Then Mr. Parkinson would open a book and read to us for an hour. What a magical hour! The old man was in his element. The present with all its trials of work and poverty and discomfort fell from him like an outworn garment. He trod the glad highroad of imagination. What was the name of the book I cannot say, but I remember in summer days, when windows were open, his reading to us stories of Thor and Odin and great Norse heroes and gods; and how he laughed and kindled over it, making it all so noble and so merry. And in the winter, when Christmas time drew near and the gas was lighted early and the fire blazed, he would read about Gabriel Grubb and the goblins. He could make it very fantastic and delightful to children and I was always sorry when the clock struck four and we must stand up to sing a carol or an evening hymn before running homewards through the darkness and fog.

I had but two years at the Academy and yet it seems to me that one might be four years at some new-fashioned, excellent school and not learn a quarter of those useful old bits of knowledge that we drew from Mr. Parkinson. For he taught, unconsciously, an attitude towards life that is education itself. He would have given us, had we shown the wit to receive it, his own hunger and thirst for knowledge. He would have led

us forth on the quest of the Holy Grail. He would have taken us quixotic journeys, tilting at windmills. He would have inspired us with a fine reverence and veneration for things old and beautiful and holy. How strange a pedagogue for young Lancashire with its passion for progress and money.

The Academy is no more. It dwindled and died. My old master left Trentonville, and alas! but for a letter or two, I lost touch with him. Each year brought the resolution to write to him and the old year found it unfulfilled.

I had been thinking of him with all the old love and reverence and planning some long letter, when news came that he was dead. He too had answered "Adsum" and gone onward to new knowledge and life. And I like to think that he who was always higher than his company is now among his peers; that he paces "those gardens and those gallant walks" with the great men of old; that he converses with them in fine periods and in a noble speech; that he who bore poverty in so knightly and noble a spirit enjoys the dignity of a most excellent inheritance.

The school hours were long for him but in the late evening he gathered up his books and went home.

W. M. LETTS.

COMPLAINT

UNJUST? A shadowed life and burdened days.
I know a picture-gallery where the gaze
Is baffled by a curtain, hidden so
A treasure which would fade in brighter rays.

Unequal? Gifts withheld and chances gone.
Not two alike in leaf or branch or stone;
Each separate bit of finer work He makes
More individual and more His own.

Unneeded? Just one more among the rest.
Thy specialised creation be the test:
Thou man for Him as He is God for thee
Who glories in the mutual need confess'd.

JUDITH CARRINGTON.

THE SLOVENES

A "SMALL NATIONALITY."

FEW schoolboys know exactly where Slovenia is; and few adults for that matter, in spite of the lessons in Balkan geography traced by the red hand of War, could indicate how the Slovenes stand in regard to their neighbours or who precisely those neighbours are. Well, the Slovenes are one of the three peoples who are to form the new Yugo-Slav State, and their territory touches the north-western part of Slavonia, the region stretching roughly between the Carnic Alps and the Black Sea in a horizontal direction (so to speak), and from the river Mur (Maros) in Hungary to the Ægean, vertically. Slovenia proper comprises Carinthia, Carniola and the greater part of Styria; but the Slovenes are also intermixed with their brothers of Croatia, with the Italians of the Adriatic littoral and with the Serbs of Hungary. Their chief cities are Ljubliana (Germanized into Leybach or Laibach), Graz, Mariboro (Marburg), Celovec (Klagenfurt) and Beljak (Villach).

"We, Slovenes, are without exception Catholics." This remarkable claim, unparalleled perhaps in the history of any European country, was made by the greatest of all benefactors of his race, the Rev. Ivan Krek, political leader, religious teacher, organizer of industrial and agricultural associations, in a word the soul of modern Slovenia. It needs, however, a slight qualification. There is a sprinkling of Protestants in this ultra-Catholic land, descendants of German settlers, who hold themselves aloof from the people, having nothing in common with them and adhering to their own Teuton traditions.

The two great barriers to German expansion towards the south are Serbia, controlling the valley of the Morava on the road to the Ægean, and Slovenia, blocking German-Austria from the Adriatic. The latter the Hapsburgs managed to absorb as they would have absorbed Serbia if the war had ended differently. But they could not kill the national spirit and the sense of brotherhood with peoples of Slav origin. Now Teutonic expansion by means of conquest and oppression is, we may hope, for ever at an end. But, for the better security of that result, the union of Slovenia with its Slav neighbours,

to form a strong and independent State, is of the utmost importance to Europe and the peace of the world.

The day is approaching when peace and security will be sought, not by competition in means of offence but by co-operation in means of development, but meanwhile the realization of Slovene national aspirations, the assurance of her natural outlet on the Adriatic, will keep the Mediterranean safe from aggression. If, on the other hand, Slovenia were to be shut out from the sea, if German-Austria were to continue to control the North Adriatic ports, the economic and cultural intercourse between Western Europe and the Balkan States would be as impossible as in the past.

Under the blight of Austro-Hungarian rule, progress or independence of any kind was denied the Croat, Serb, Slovene and Latin, in order to further the project of a vast "Mittel Europa," a broad pathway to the East. Before the outbreak of the world-war their rulers had not yet had time or opportunity to Germanize the Southern Slavs, but there is no doubt that the policy tried in Poland would have been as stringently applied in this part of the world, had not the godless German ideal gone down in the blood and flame of four years' war. Not the least notable of the results of that war has been the springing to life and independence of the subject nationalities which the Hapsburgs had attached to their State. The defeat of that State has spelt victory for its constituents, and the dream of Mittel Europa is at an end.¹ The idea of a Germanic territory from the Baltic to the Adriatic is no longer realizable, thanks in large measure to a sturdy little people that would not lose its identity, and claims now at last to fulfil it by union with its brethren. They have reason for rejoicing, for there was no hope for them save in victory. From Tirpitz to Seidler, German and Austrian leading politicians have always insisted on the exclusion of Slovenia from any Slav State that might be founded within the boundaries of the Monarchy. But not without continuous protest. Dr. Anton Korosec, president of the People's Party—a Catholic clergyman, as indeed are most of the political leaders of Slovenia, boldly declared in the Vienna parliament: "Our aim is the union and independence of our Slovene,

¹ We do not condemn German ideals of expansion as such: they are just as much or as little blameworthy as those of other great nations. What is culpable about them is the fact that they were pursued irrespective of the infeasible rights of other peoples and with complete disregard of the moral law.

Croat and Serb nation. We know that Germany wants to pass over our body to reach the Adriatic, but we will not relinquish our rightful, God-given claim." The leaders of the national Progressive Party and of the Social Democratic Party have expressed themselves in the same sense, so that perfect harmony reigns on the subject of their future among the Slovenes.

Never has fidelity better deserved reward. Let us glance at the trials to which the nation was exposed. The latter half of the last century saw Slovenia subjected to a violent system of Germanization, based simply on the "right" of the stronger. As against Austria, Slovenia's population was in the proportion of 1 : 60 and her economical strength as 1 : 140. Nevertheless Slovenia resisted, claiming educational facilities in her own Slav tongue, and ceaselessly protesting against the appointment of German officials in all branches of the administration. For the Germans of Austria, faithful exponents of German imperialistic policy, forbade the use of the Slovene tongue in the intermediary schools and barely tolerated it in the primary schools. Slovenes qualified for Government posts were placed in German districts where their children were obliged to attend purely German schools and so forget their own language. A strong spirit of opposition to this system arose in 1870 when the Slav students of Gratz and Vienna resolved to meet the Germans on their own ground of brutal force, and to assert their rights, if need be, by street combats. The academical societies of "Sava," "Illyria," and others soon engaged in sword duels with the German "Burschen," and with such success that the latter began to treat the Slav demands with respect. Echoes of the troubles, vague accounts of the street fighting in Gratz, Laibach, and other Slovan towns reached the English-speaking world, but few cared to investigate their cause. Hundreds of executions took place, but still the stubborn Slovenes held their ground, hindering—did Western Europe but realize it—the coveted passage of Germany from Baltic to Adriatic. Every possible means was adopted by the patriots to keep the Slav spirit alight. The gymnastic society "Sokol" and the school society "Saints Cyril and Methodius" paved the way for many other national societies, for choirs, fire-brigades, sport and literary clubs—all inspired by national feeling, all a means of opposing Germanization. Itinerant teachers were sent through the

country to wake up torpid and resigned villages and enrol them in one or other of the above mentioned societies. Over a million crowns was collected from volunteer contributors for the support of 30 Slovene primary schools and 30 infant schools. University students spent their holidays going from town to town and collecting Slovene books from every owner that would part with one, and subsequently distributing them among the poorer classes. Cheap journals were also published containing useful information for the peasantry and keeping their patriotism alive. The Society of St. Mohor had reached in 1910 a membership of 84,000 and had distributed 700,000 books. For the intelligent classes the "Matitsa Slovenska" published annually five or six books. This Society was prohibited by the Austrian Government at the beginning of the present war and its organizers were imprisoned. None of these societies could of course compete in resources with the Austro-German propagandists, but they were welcomed and encouraged by the Slovene masses. Similar efforts for economic independence were, however, doomed to failure, for the Germans of Austria had seized and firmly held trade, industry, and mining enterprise. They did not hesitate in the fight to issue newspapers in Slovene, devoted to their own interests and with the chief aim of sowing discord. To counteract the temperance campaign of Father Krek, they distributed alcoholic drinks gratuitously on festive occasions, and offered loans at low interest in order to secure a hold over the people whereby they could obtain their votes and the attendance of their children in the schools of the German "Schulverein." Colonization was carried out by the purchase of land, which was then divided into small holdings and given to German Protestant colonies.¹ Prussians received preference, and after them Protestants of any other German State, but never a Catholic, lest he should merge, as was sometimes the case, with the Catholic Slovenes. It is interesting to note that the famous international Protestant Society, "Gustav Adolphe," strongly supported this German Protestant colonization, so cruelly unfair to the poor Slovenes. Its advocacy of "free thought" meant religious oppression of the worst kind in Slovenia.

Again, the Slovenes in their struggle against German aggres-

¹ The reader will note here a milder form of the policy adopted in regard to Ireland by Tudors and Stuarts.

sion started agricultural leagues, provincial banks, technical journals. They sent farming experts to inspect villages and teach the peasantry the best methods of tilling and harvesting, while encouraging them to stick to their farms and count only on themselves and their co-nationalists for the preservation of the land. The fight was proceeding up to the outbreak of this war, with all the noble determination of a national instinct for survival. The voluntary contribution of each Slovene for his schools, clubs, societies etc. amounted to 20 Austrian crowns a year. This relatively large sum gives an idea of what the Slovenes were prepared to do in the fight against Germanization. Not in such brutal fashion can union or understanding between two such different races as the Teuton and the Slav be accomplished. It is a work that called for the utmost care and consideration, especially in view of the historic relations between the two races, which recall those between the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans.

The Slovenes gradually occupied their present territory after the Lombards had passed on to Italy in the sixth century. They were a simple, patriarchal people, each clan choosing from among its members the oldest and the most capable as its chief. The infiltration of warlike Germans from the North, between the eighth and the fifteenth centuries (when it stopped owing to Turkish incursions), succeeded in changing somewhat the democratic structure of Slovene life. The Germans introduced the feudal system which they had at home, and divided the workers into "bond" and "free." There were many revolts on the part of the natives and endeavours to return to the old form, so that between Turkish raids and the oppression of German over-lords the fate of the Slovene was bitter. Not until 1848, in the general European ferment of that year, was there a glimmer of liberty, which, however, remained but a glimmer. The German over-lords still retained their rights over the forests, game and fishing. The peasants were forced to till the lands of the over-lords before they attended to their own. They dared not marry without permission and their children had no higher destiny than to serve their masters as domestics. Progress was made very difficult. Before 1848, for instance, no other calling but that of agriculture was allowed to the children of agriculturists, and not until the year 1868 were Slovene peasants allowed the right of inheritance.

The extraordinarily cumbrous method of parcelling the land¹ remained, giving rise to such penury that upwards of one sixth of the population were obliged to seek a living in America.

The industrial crisis of 1907 in America caused terrible sufferings to the Slovenes; they came back to starve in their own land—a land which, if properly administered, could support at least three times its present population of a million and a half. While the people are chronically in want, the fruits of their industry are bought up at low prices by German commercial agents and exported all over the world by way of Innsbruck, Trieste, Prague, Vienna and even through Berlin to the Petrograd market. Apples and peaches from Slovenia are sent to England by way of Hamburg. All European fruits, including figs, almonds, etc. thrive in this naturally rich soil, although its inhabitants have not hitherto profited by its richness. With the exception of the rocky plateau of the Karst, every inch of the soil is fruitful. The Slovene cultivator, even hampered as he is, gives evidence of thrift, intelligence and foresight. The forests are monumental, carefully preserved by his foresight, restraint and care. A Slovene will never cut down a tree, even though personally it may not affect his interests, without seeing that adjoining saplings are uninjured. He has many traditional customs of economy: for example, he gives his cattle chopped hay for fodder so that it cannot be pulled out of the manger and trampled upon, and he mixes straw with the hay in years of scarcity. The women are tidy and provident, clever at drying fruit and storing vegetables for winter use. The Slovene has his own particular method for cultivating the vine which may not be the most up-to-date, but which he is willing to improve when the advantages of a change are made evident to him. The great Slovene organizer before mentioned, Father Ivan Krek, introduced agricultural unions and gave a powerful impulse to all the activities of the Slovene peasantry. The clerical or popular party, which had been at its foundation in a minority, soon put forward a new democratic programme which carried all before it. Unfortunately after a few years, dissension arose, and the people were divided into two

¹ The system imposed by the Germans of dividing the land among the members of the family led to poverty, because as a rule, the Slovenes have very large families and thus the portions were not sufficient for support.

antagonistic branches both led by patriotic priests, Dr. Schusterčić and Dr. Ivan Krek, each ardently following his own conviction. The cause of division was not agricultural but political. The former inclined towards a reconciliation policy with the Austro-German element. But with pre-war Austria this was an endeavour to reconcile wolf and lamb. Dr. Krek saw deeper and further. A fervent son of the soil, he taught his compatriots to stand firm together, rely on themselves alone and to hold high their Slav nationality. In spite of support from the State and assistance from the Magyar element and the Christian Socialists of Vienna, the Schusterčić party remained an isolated clique with only borrowed prestige. It is the followers of Ivan Krek that will to-day decide the destinies of Slovenia, and make it a part of the new Southern Slav State. United with Croatia and Greater Serbia (including, of course, Bosnia and Herzegovina) this little nationality, which has hitherto wandered all over the earth, from North Germany to Egypt and from Russia to America, will become a great people. They have merited a peaceful and prosperous future, for everywhere and always they have been true to themselves and have tried to keep their schools and churches their own. Under their faithful pastors, who have embodied and sanctified the national aspirations, they have saved themselves from disintegration. To their clergy also it is due that the alien has not won them over: in Graz, the most German town of all Slovenia, there are twelve different Slovene societies. Even in America there are twelve Slovene journals which, in spite of dissensions fomented by outsiders with Teuton proclivities, have, on the whole, preserved the national sense and furthered the Slovene cause. Slovene recruits have crowded to the Allies' banners and acquitted themselves nobly on the battlefield. Now that the tragic melancholy of the past is disappearing under the new dawn that rises, as it ever did in these regions, from valorous Serbia, one may look forward with confidence to the results of a natural fusion that holds advantages for all contracting parties. Not the least of these will be the presentment to Serbia in a new light of the Catholic Church, hitherto masked to her vision behind the political corruption of the late Dual Monarchy that strove in vain to stifle Catholic Slovenia.

ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

ST. CLARE AT BAGSHOT

A BIG house, built early in the Victorian era, or perhaps late in the Georgian, with its entrance now on the very edge of the main road to Camberley—a house with a sedate and opulent past, but with a present appearance of poor relations in Queer Street, making ends meet by ekeing them out with string. The front is of cement, hopefully divided by lines to imitate blocks of Portland stone. But the illusion is weakened by certain open sores of ancient and disreputable brick, where the cement has peeled away. Matters are not improved by the wispy meanderings of a straggling creeper, which, in late autumn, bereft of leaves, resembles the frayed edges of a disreputable mat, and in summer, one would suppose can be but a draughty garment. Over the door, on a piece of tin, cut out and painted to suggest a scroll, one read until a few years ago, the words "Poor Clare Convent," and reading, one generally wept, or wanted to. "Gives you the 'ump, don't it, sir?" observed a friendly navvy passing by. I nodded through my tears, and rang the bell. A tiny figure in a grey-brown habit—my little friend, the Sister Tourière, welcomed me demonstratively. It was St. Francis's Day, and I had gone to fill a gap made by the absence of the regular Chaplain; for what in such a house were such a day unless it finished up with Benediction. But all that is ancient history. A great deal of very dirty water has passed under London Bridge since then, and now the Nuns have long been settled in Lutterworth. They went triumphantly in motor-cars from door to door, and their kind hosts of that memorable ride tell sometimes how the scandalized Religious strove to resist the sinful desire to lean back on well-padded cushions, till sheer fatigue reduced them one by one. The tin scroll is now above the gate of their new abode—appropriately enough a disused Bank, where now the walls of the former Counting-house are decorated with a rich creamy whitewash, picked out in stencil with the words in tender black, "Blessed are ye Poor." But enough. This is a chronicle of certain events which took place before the Exodus, sagas of the giantesses of those days, women of renown, of whom the Diocese was not worthy. In the ordinary way, as is well known, Poor Clares of St. Colette's Reform are strictly enclosed, and you talk to them through a trellis with a

black curtain on the other side, thin enough, I privately believe, for them to see the visitor, but impenetrably dark to the outsider sitting in a parlour with the light on his side. But at Bagshot the Bishop would never sanction the Enclosure, because the Nuns were not in their own house, I believe, or because there was no hope that the Diocese would support the Community adequately. Anyhow, whatever the reason, to the abiding grief of the Nuns, Enclosure did not exist. Sunday after Sunday, Mass being over, Reverend Mother held a democratic "Salon" at which the whole of Catholic Bagshot assisted, from the Admiral's stately lady to the simple gentle creature, God rest her soul, who was wife of an attendant at the "Gordon" Home for Boys. Snobbery and St. Clare cannot forgather, and whatever may have happened when the Convent door was passed, now the lioness lay down beside the lamb, and all together, not being real lionesses and lambs, drank coffee, very hot but not too strong, and gleefully collected the pearls of Franciscan simplicity that fell from the lips of their hostess. The only Englishwoman in the Community, Reverend Mother was a convert of the days before Manning, and she remembered going to hear one of his first public utterances while his conversion was still a painful subject in the sect he had abandoned. One gathered that this little dissipation was not approved of at home, and precipitated her departure to the Convent at Nantes, where she was professed and began her long sacrifice which only ended a month before the outbreak of the war, in the forty-fifth year of her religious Profession. There was about Mother Wyatt a singular gift of making God's Fatherhood a very actual thing, and while one listened to her accounts of very ordinary, even very banal happenings, it seemed quite natural to see as she did the direct intervention of Divine Providence. When one reflects, after all, the unexpected arrival of a large haddock to a half-starved Community, and, again, the discovery in the letter-box of a pat of fresh butter, worth perhaps eighteenpence, just as the sister Cook began to weep for lack of it, while the Convent Purse contained nothing but a Sacred Heart badge and a damaged postage-stamp, are remarkable events. These are events which are not normal in other circles or letter-boxes. It seems in such cases very like a fulfilment of that promise which we, for obvious reasons, never see fulfilled at home "Seek first the kingdom of God and his Justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Poor Clares do it,

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singleheartedly, and all the time, and God redeems His pledge. "It is our vocation" seemed to Mother Wyatt the sufficient explanation of all things. Nor, apparently, did she see anything very wonderful in that, to the average Christian, so appalling in its austerity. On one well-remembered occasion, speaking of the troubles of a lady whose children, numerous and very much alive, were suffering from whooping-cough, "Ah!" said she, "how wonderful is the love of a good Mother. What a reward God has in store for mothers. I often think that in the last day we Poor Clares will see the holy married people far above us!" And from her forgotten corner, the little nun who attended her superior, to play propriety in the midst of worldlings, cried "Oh! Modder!" in tones that revealed the anguish of a stricken soul. After all she had given up!

Well, poor little nun, she was soon to have her fill of worldliness and fashion. The life at Bagshot could not go on. Funds were not coming in. The Enclosure was badly missed, and yet there was not the slightest prospect of the Bishop giving his consent to a step that would have made it almost impossible for the Community to move away, should a good opportunity present itself. The house was unsuitable, the rent was exorbitant, and the landlord seemed disinclined to raise his finger to help. Tempting novices had to be turned away. Then came the news of the goodwill of the Bishop of Nottingham and of the chance of securing the old Bank at Lutterworth. The prospect seemed tempting, but one could not go by the mere report of a secular. It was desirable that Rev. Mother should see the place, otherwise it might be merely a journey out of the frying-pan into the fire. All the same Rev. Mother was far too delicate to travel and the second in command was very old, very shy, and innocent of even the most simple English. How these things are arranged in the council chambers of nuns I cannot profess to say, but in the end the voice of authority spoke, and the poor nun who, as I have said, played propriety to her Abbess, was to her horror and very great alarm ordered to make the journey. Whether by the advice of the Bishop, or whether from some sort of fear that the Penal Days were not yet altogether past, or whether they thought this a proper occasion to emulate the wisdom of the serpent, does not appear, but it was decided that Sister should go disguised as a lady of fashion. One of the ladies, a special friend of Rev. Mother, was approached.

She searched her wardrobe for suitable garments in quiet shades, and at last all seemed well. The two were about of a height, and differences of build can, I believe, be overcome without permanent injury to the garment. But a foot that is accustomed for many years to a sandal cannot easily adapt itself to a boot, and a head which has been close shorn is an uneasy resting-place for a picture hat. It was the middle of June, but the little nun patiently endured a feather boa, which served the double purpose of concealing the absence of hair, and hiding the strings with which the picture hat was kept in place. What she must have suffered in the matter of foot-gear one can only piously speculate, but she left her convent at the word of her Superior, and went, alone, save for her Angel Guardian, transacted her business, and returned without mishap to give a favourable account of the old Bank premises which have since become their home.

The lease on which the house at Bagshot was held stipulated that it must be left in such a state that it could at once be occupied by the next tenant. It was really a most inequitable clause. The nuns were paying a very heavy rent, the house was in a wretched state, and far too large for anyone who would consent to live in such a position. In fact, two years after the departure of the nuns, it was still empty, and little glass worth mentioning remained in the front windows, a fact at which I heartily rejoiced. If the owner had behaved decently, he might have had the nuns there to this day. As it is, please God, the house will tumble down before it is desecrated by secular use.

The Sunday following the visit to Lutterworth, there was a very interesting meeting held after Mass. Jubilant nuns, sorrowful visitors. Rev. Mother was full of her plans, and with an appearance of great wisdom, she explained how lucky it was that two of the Sisters knew how to apply whitewash, to paint and to paper walls. It would take longer, of course, but it would be a great saving of money, and would enable them to keep from debt, a thing they dreaded next to sin itself. And they had three months in which to work. The guests looked at one another, but nobody had the cruel courage to hint a doubt. The following Sunday it transpired that all was going well. Two of the rooms upstairs had been whitewashed and the wallpaper cleaned with breadcrumb, looked almost as good as new. At least so said Rev. Mother, and nobody contradicted her. Only the little nun who played

propriety, cast down her eyes a shade further, and seemed, with every fibre of her soul to be striving against the suggestions of self-congratulation. Also one of the visitors noticed that she had a blistered hand. Two and two added together made it clear that this was the talented Sister who was saving the Community from the expense of painters and hangers of paper, and this ascertained, it was not hard to guess that the little Sister Tourière was the assistant in the great work. In fact she readily acknowledged it, and furthermore told how she had discovered a lot of cheap but very beautiful paint, and several rolls of beautiful wallpaper which cost almost nothing at all. Steadily the work advanced. The smell of paint filled the house. At last one proud Sunday, Rev. Mother announced that all had been done except the Chapel and the reception parlour. There could therefore be no meeting next Sunday, but the Sunday after the whole Convent should be seen. Little Sister Propriety was looking very worn and pale, but full of joy. Sympathy would have been thrown away on her, but one trembled at the thought of all she must still face before her weary task should be done. It was in the days before the war, remember, and one was not yet accustomed to the thought of delicate high-bred ladies working like navvies.

Happily, all things come to an end, and at last the proud day arrived when all being completed, Rev. Mother was able to conduct her faithful admirers round the renovated Convent. The amount of work that those two poor nuns had put into this truly colossal undertaking must have been stupendous. To eyes that see only supernatural values the sight must have been incomparably beautiful. Where God keeps his register of aching backs and arms, and blistered hands endured from love of Poverty and Obedience: endured? nay rejoiced in for love of Him: there must you go if you would know how those walls looked, how silver white were those ceilings, how beyond all precious woods were those new painted doors. The whole house was beautiful beyond the first temple of Solomon, and the good God gave that visiting committee of ladies to see the true state of those walls with eyes that swam in tears. For the first time perhaps in their acquaintance with the Poor Clares, they realized their life. I cannot convey to you exactly how it was, but the simple unaffected pride both of the Mother in her daughter's work, and of the daughters in the hall mark which her approval set upon the results of their

heroic obedience, laid open before those good Catholic, but mundane ladies the extent of the renunciation which the Poor Clare life involves. For this, to those nuns, was quite clearly luxury, a triumph of amateur house decorating, a place in which any butterfly of fashion would contentedly abide. If they had loved the nuns before, after this revelation of the kind of saints with whom they had consorted, how intolerable it seemed to lose them now. Fresh petitions were sent to the Bishop. No stone was left unturned to keep the nuns in Bagshot. But it was in vain. The day of parting came. The village turned out to see the Sisters go, and the old convent seemed like a poor abandoned corpse, and Bagshot but its coffin.

A few days later came the blind world in the person of the landlord, to view the state of his house. He entered the erstwhile salon. He hurried out and roamed about the house. Everywhere the same. With painstaking exactness, for they had worked under an all-seeing eye, the busy brushes of the late tenants had done their work. The ceilings were white with the whiteness of a cowshed. The doors were painted in two shades of wicked green on the outsides, and stone colour within. In one case as a *tour de force*, or was it perhaps owing to the exigencies of the case? the panels were in stone colour and the lintel in light green, while the framework of the door was in darker green, and the skirting was of a colour resembling Dun Ducketty mud, and suggesting that, as a last desperate counsel, the artists had mingled the contents of their various tins and saved the situation. But all this was as nothing to the walls. The paper was clean, there was no denying that. It was in good preservation, too, mostly, for the Poor Clares do not abound in pictures or knick-knacks, and where the paper through age or damp or accident had peeled away, little Sister's skilful hand had cut out a piece of paper from one or other of her precious rolls and pasted it so carefully into the injured spot, that it looked rather like a new sort of ornamental effect. As she said, "Nobody but someone who was willing to find fault would have seen." The landlord gazed as one fascinated. His eyes bulged. He strove for utterance, as one tries to cry out in a bad dream. At last in husky tones of deep conviction, "Well, I'll be d——d," he said. And seeing how he had treated the nuns, it seems quite probable.

F. E. PRITCHARD.

PAGES FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER VIII.

IN my last chapter I was wholly concerned by an attempt to illustrate the good fortune of myself and my contemporaries of childhood, boyhood and youth by a hasty citation of the names of those who, in the realm of fiction, were writing for us. On no other branch of literature did I touch at all; as to that one branch the list was wholly incomplete, yet what a list it is! Can the new century match it?

As hurriedly given by me that list omitted some names that might well have been included: and very likely did include some that present-day readers would leave out; but then, many present-day readers loudly profess their inability to read Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. Of course we are all of us at liberty to be incapable of reading any specified author—'tis a liberty of which even a belated Victorian joyfully avails himself in regard of many of his present contemporaries—but the exercise of it does not necessarily put the author in question out of court.

As to the quite admittedly lesser writers of fiction included in my hasty citation, I am bound to confess that they seem to me at least better than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the novelists of the new century. They had on the whole a sounder literary conscience, a sturdier sense of literary responsibility, and finally (though I have ventured above to bracket Mrs. Henry Wood with Miss Braddon, and to perceive a spiritual affinity between Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant), more individuality.

The close of my last chapter found me with two very great names in my pen—George Meredith's and Mr. Thomas Hardy's.

The two names are mentioned together with singular frequency, certainly not by reason of any arresting likeness between the two authors or of any rivalry between them—they were less rivals even than Dickens and Thackeray, and were less like each other. If it be said that Hardy and Meredith were alike in belonging, each of them, to the front rank of writers of English fiction, and alike in being both of

them above all things psychological novelists, the points of similarity are exhausted. No doubt all great novelists are psychologists, but all great fiction is not *ex professo* psychological. Fielding, Smollett, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, and Emily Brontë were psychologists: "there's a deal of human nature in a man," and no writer of romance or fiction can be a great one who does not illustrate it. But the six great authors just mentioned were possessed by the characters they created, not obsessed by certain theories of life which their characters were invented to illustrate. I do not myself believe that any theoretic work of fiction is likely to become a part of permanent literature. And the absence of theory from all the work of five out of the six novelists just cited together will secure their genius from occultation. Dickens, of course, did indulge (to his great loss) in the *roman à thèse*: but not habitually; and where he falls into it he drives home his theses by means of his *plots*, within whose ring he mostly leaves his characters a pretty free hand: where his characters are most subservient to his theme they are most lamentable, e.g., nearly everybody in *Hard Times*, the Circumlocution Office folk in *Little Dorrit*, and his haughty aristocrats *passim*. The American gentleman, gushingly appealed to as to whether he did not find himself overpowered by the Venus de Milo, replied that he never allowed any stone gals to sit on *him*. Charles Dickens rarely allows any of his characters to have their own way with him: when he does it is the very — mischief.

But while reading Meredith one almost feels that the psychology of his people is too much for him—and for us: and while reading Hardy one is sometimes tempted to ask if his own psychology is not too much for his characters. Hardy and Meredith are philosophers, at least as truly as they are novelists: but they are peculiarly unlike. They are equally intimate, but Meredith is as subtle as Hardy is direct. Their atmosphere is absolutely different. Meredith's is all lambent fire of meteoric vagary; his lightning is all summer lightning and is never meant to blast anybody. It never does, and it only makes his people skip. Hardy's is all cloudy emotion: he is most at home in storm and foul weather. Meredith's attitude is full of quip and aloof amusement: he is always enjoying himself even while his creatures burn their fingers a little. Hardy suffers in his creatures, and is

(suicidally perhaps) slain by their tragedy: the springs of his emotion lie in the great deeps of human fate; the sources of Meredith's laughter are the incongruities of artificial civilization.

Meredith is laughingly *insouciant*: Hardy and his wonderful creations are alike martyrs to his agonized pessimism. Meredith is incomparably more witty, but Hardy's black and bitter melancholy is accentuated by a humour scarcely ever equalled by Meredith. Meredith has an easy affection for his children of fancy, a somewhat Chesterfieldian paternity, and he does not greatly try them: Hardy adores the creatures he has made and torments them, as he appears to think it is the function of all creators to do. Meredith treats mankind as a fine joke, very quaint and very subtle; Hardy seems to regard it as the supreme victim of time. Meredith allows his men and women absolute free-will, and their complications are, frankly, of their own mixing: they are perverse and irresponsible, but not painfully tragic. Hardy's folk are, it would seem, shuttlecocks of circumstance, not of chance but of a necessity that is above them and stronger than them, a necessity that is pitiless, deliberate, personal, and malignant: the irresponsibility is above them, and by its bitter breath they are driven down the steep of irremediable, poignant, and appalling tragedy. Hardy has an intense, generous and magnanimous love for the sons and daughters of his great, almost sublime fancy: he has a pity for them that is half divine, a tenderness that is more than paternal; he is anguished by their cruel fates; but he does not admit the existence of a compassion higher than his own, of any tenderness for them that is not half divine but Divine altogether. Swift loathed mankind; Hardy's resentment seems to aim higher.

Meredith's genius was more subtle than Hardy's and, as I dare to think, more sane: but Hardy is greater; less seductive in feature, grander of stature. Like Emily Brontë he can be compared only with the Greek tragedians. He is not modern, and therefore he cannot become old-fashioned.

Meredith was supremely modern, and Nemesis will make him obsolete. To reflect the ideas and preoccupations of to-day is to insist that to-morrow shall call us Yesterday and hurry by. There is another thing—Dr. Johnson's singularly unfortunate prophecy that *Tristram Shandy* would not live because it was "odd," has been in constant quotation:

George Meredith's finest work is often odd, but should it fail of immortality, it would not be because of the oddity, but it might be because he is often "hard," in something the same fashion, and to much the same degree as Robert Browning's poetry is often "hard." Perhaps also Meredith is too brilliant: a fault from which most of us are entirely safe. Of course his excessive brilliance does not make him hard, but I suspect that for some readers, and not stupid readers, it makes him tiring. He is unsparingly, pitilessly epigrammatic, and a plethora of epigram is indigestible: one is apt to swallow without assimilation. Except Disraeli I can think of no English novelist whose indulgence in epigram (and splendid epigram) is so pyrotechnic: and the most dazzling fireworks end by fatiguing the spectator's eyes and neck if the display is extravagantly sustained. Between Hardy and Meredith there is another, not unimportant, divergence. Neither wrote for the school-room: but if one would hesitate before recommending all Meredith *Virginibus generisque*, one could not hesitate at all in withholding from them some of Hardy's greatest work.

In a matter of much lesser consequence there is also a basis rather of contrast than comparison between these two great masters. Meredith's style is polished to coldness. Hardy's is plain though admirably suitable. Meredith's is drawn from Society, his theme: Hardy's from Nature, towards which he is devout. Description with Hardy is not an ornament of his architecture but a component of it, and often the keystone of it. Anyone so foolish as to "skip" his descriptions would lose touch with the books themselves.

Finally: one is disposed, on completing one of Hardy's novels, incontinently to begin another, and to go on till one has read them all. With Meredith the best way is to read a chapter or two, and attempt no more at once: one cannot adequately assimilate a great deal of him at a time.

George Meredith was not only intensely the son of the age which produced Robert Browning, he was Browning's cousin-german. It would be difficult to find a poet and a novelist more akin. The poet is supposed to be "harder" than the novelist, but then Browning's hardness is most insisted upon by those who do not read him. I do not believe that in Browning (even in *Sordello*) there is much that an intelligent reader cannot understand if he tries: but sometimes he has

to try. Ought he to be under that necessity? Should great poetry be problematic? A great poet may call upon us to exercise our wits, but is it his province to test our capacity for surmise, our adroitness in disentanglement?

Browning is *not* incomprehensible, *pace* the wit who declared on hearing that Mrs. Browning had borne him an heir, "There are now then not two incomprehensibles but three incomprehensibles." But he is occasionally difficult: and it was his own fault, for he was assuredly a master of language who could have been invariably clear.

Meredith and Browning are always worth the trouble of understanding: but will people who read fiction and poetry for recreation be willing to take the trouble?

Meredith I never met, but from him, very shortly before his death, I received a letter of most generous and most unexpected praise of *Marotz*. Strange to say, the portion of this book dealing with the Contemplative Convent specially attracted him: "I am," he wrote "reverently in love with Poor Sister."

Browning, on the contrary, never wrote to me, but I met him, and was introduced to him—by a footman.

I was invited to luncheon at the house of a very old friend in Cadogan Square. On my arrival she had not come down stairs, and in her drawing-room I found only a tall and handsome elderly gentleman: he turned as I entered, and the footman with unusual, but I must say commendable, presence of mind, made us known to each other—"Mr. Robert Browning—Mr. Drew."

All the poet's works except *Ferishtah*, *Parleyings*, and *Asolando*, had then been published—and I had read none of it, except the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix*, and *The Morgue*, which I had been made to learn by heart, grudgingly and of necessity. Alone with the great man I was full of guilty tremblings—but most unnecessarily, for neither then nor later did he make the faintest allusion to his own poetry.

It was not till much later that I became an industrious reader, and ardent devotee of Browning. Perhaps he is not a lad's poet: and as a lad I had been (and was forever being told that I was) too much addicted to poetry and especially to Tennyson. I had even "dropped into poetry" myself. When I was about seventeen I put together a lean volume of

sketches in prose and verse with the title of *Etchings and Idylls*. We had then a wealthy cousin who plumed herself on being literary and a sort of country Lady Mæcenas. By her my MSS. was submitted to Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose own literary fame has long ago followed her to the tomb. That critic was pleased to discern "promise" in the *Etchings*, but declared that the *Idylls* showed too clearly the influence of Tennyson: her verdict was "let him eschew verse and stick to prose"—with a rider that a course of Crabbe should be tried as an antidote to Tennyson. I must say that the antidote tried me more thoroughly than I tried it. Miss Jenkyns, after submitting to Captain Brown's reading of "Boz," declared *ex cathedra*, "I prefer Dr. Johnson"; I still prefer Tennyson to Crabbe.

But in the more important matter of eschewing the writing of poetry, and sticking to prose, Mrs. S. C. Hall's advice was taken; as I think many other writers might follow it with advantage. I do hope the public will admit this as some sign of grace in me: inglorious Miltons are so seldom mute. Alas, how many (full of grace of more eternal significance) refuse to be so! That piety is not poetry is a truth which apparently forms no part of revelation—or there would be little verse in some most excellently Catholic magazines. To the blameless authors of these rhymes it seems never to occur that they need have anything in particular to say, or that the only excuse for saying it in verse is that it cannot be said in prose. Blank verse is often real poetry, but what on earth is blank rhyme? The world's supreme poem has for its theme—eschatology: but Dante was not merely a devout Catholic, and being a devout Catholic does not of itself entitle or enable anybody who chooses to "commence poet" at the expense of Our Lady, or of some great Mystery of religion.

I have often heard it urged that "Lead kindly Light" should not be sung in church because it is not a hymn but a poem: and this has always struck me as being the most scathing, because wholly unconscious and unintentional, satire upon hymns. Certainly there are innumerable hymns (and hymn-books) though there is only one "Lead kindly Light." But I must say the same line of criticism ought to bar the *Dies Ira*, the *Urbs Cælestis Jerusalem*, and ever so many of the breviary hymns, which are poems if any exist.

Apart from the breviary and missal Latin hymns the finest

I know of which the inspiration is Catholic doctrine, are those of Father Robert Southwell, the Jesuit martyr. I often wish some of our excellent Catholic magazines, on both sides of the Atlantic, would reproduce some of them instead of "original" Catholic poetry. Of one of them Ben Jonson said that he would willingly have burnt much of his own work if it could have given him the authorship of that poem.

As for Milton's most glorious Ode and Hymn, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, I would give all *Paradise Lost* and all *Paradise Regained* for it. It is as exquisite as Perugino's *Prophets and Sibyls*, with the super-added stateliness and majesty of Michaelangelo.

All Browning's greatest work was given to the world during my boyhood. Tennyson gave us *Enoch Arden*, *The Idylls of the King*, *The Holy Grail*, and much of his briefer, but greater work—all of which I devoured, as I did everything of his except his dramas. To tell the truth Shakespeare's are the only dramas in English I ever have been able to read of sheer impulse, for sheer pleasure, apart from a sense of literary duty and obligation—with the single exception of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*—which belongs rather to Greek than to English drama.

Tennyson, of course, was never "hard." He could be even too easy, and has paid the penalty of it: the people who do not really like poetry, and cannot read poetry, could read much of him, and assert without perjury that they liked it. So he cannot shake off the reputation such things as the *May Queen* brought to him: it and *The Brook* are perversely remembered, and *Tithonus*, and *Ulysses*, *The Lotus Eaters* and *The Dream of Fair Women* perversely forgotten. It is not the fashion to remember that Wordsworth could be flat, but it is much the fashion to insist that Tennyson was occasionally obvious and twaddling. Tennyson was really a poet's poet, and he is often spoken of as though he was a mere people's poet, middle-class and Victorian. Preachers are sometimes belittled because their hearers can understand all they say, and Tennyson might be thought more of if he were more difficult. Of course he is clarity itself: being invariably intelligible, by certain gentry he is condemned as offering nothing to understand. He and his immediate predecessor achieved between them the result that the English public came to think the Laureate must necessarily be a poet, whereas no poet held

the Laureateship from the death of Dryden in 1689 till Southey received it, and no great poet was Laureate between Dryden and Wordsworth himself.

Of Macaulay I may in one sense claim to have been a contemporary, as he did not die till twenty months after my birth: like most school-boys who care for reading I adored him in my school-days, and so devoutly as almost to be persuaded by him that the "inferior Dutchman" was a great and good Sovereign and man, albeit neither Throne, Principality or Power ever persuaded me to call him King of England.

In later life, though never losing the sense of Macaulay's literary charm, much of my admiration for his works came to be transferred to his nephew's biography of himself, a book that will bear almost infinite re-reading.

Among biographers Boswell must stand aloft and alone, unclassed and supreme: the classes begin after him, and high, high up in the first class of biographers stands Sir George Otto Trevelyan. His *Macaulay* appeared in my boyhood, and his splendid *Early History of Charles James Fox* before I was one and twenty. It is more brilliant than his *Life of his uncle*, but not so truly a biography: for it is more a history of certain years during which Charles Fox lived than a *Life of Fox* during that period. If it were only a fragment of Charles Fox's *Life* it would be incomparably less informative; it is as entertaining as Lord Rosebery's *Last Phase*, as sparkling as Mr. Birrell's essays, as witty as anything of Macaulay's, and as just and accurate as it is distinguished in style. In truth to life it is more like fiction than "history."

Carlyle was for a much longer time my contemporary, for I was grown up before he died: but his literary work was all completed before my birth. Froude, whose *Reminiscences* form the oddest monument ever reared to friendship, gave most of his works to the world during my childhood and boyhood: except *Cæsar* and *Oceana* I detested them all, for I was nothing if not prejudiced. To resist the seduction of their literary charm seemed to me as much a point of loyalty as a devout and orthodox listener would esteem it his duty to flee from the eloquence of a brilliant heretic. But, considered simply as a man of letters, what rival to him can the new century yet produce?

"Yet" is a saving word. After great wars great writers have appeared: after this greatest war there may spring to

birth a crop of poets, novelists, historians, biographers, men of letters greater than even the staid Victorian age has left to us. That that age should have fathered such literary giants is a curiosity of literature more startling than any noticed by the elder Disraeli.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

"DE GUSTIBUS"

1.

THE blindness of a jealous love
Had seal'd mine eyes and shut my heart
To all but mediæval art,
Tho' oft for justice reason strove ;

2.

And in the very heart of Rome
I sigh'd for soaring-vaulted choirs,
Sapphire and ruby window fires,
And grudg'd the praise of Peter's dome.

3.

Me evermore the nightly skies
The spires that chant amid the throng
Of stars their never-ending song
Of praise and suppliant litanies,

4.

Allured, sky-scaling jets of stone ;
And memory evermore would stay
By dreaming roofs on eves of May
To watch their shadows steeply thrown

5.

Above the climbing houses, walls,
And hanging garden, slype, and stair,
From heaven's canopy to where
Moon-silver'd Eure slow-lapsing falls

6.

By Chartres, the city silver-grey
Amid the tawny plains of Beauce ;
Or sought the houses huddled close
Beneath the daring of Beauvais,

7.

Or village church, or gabled cot,
With orchards girdled, far withdrawn
Brook-valley, heath, or forest lawn,
Or country cheaping world-forgot ;

8.

And factious oft, in alien mood,
I pass'd some Roman altar-shrine
To cavil at the form and line,
And lose, ah fool ! the grace withstood.

9.

Long after, I awoke to find
How art, thro' all her forms, is one,
And spires of France in unison
With Buonarotti's dome combin'd

10.

Soar upward ; one liturgic smoke
From one self censer blended climbs
From all the nations and the times
Unto His feet who bore our yoke,

11.

Who heal'd us with His stripes, who tries
The heart and reins, and none reproves
That single-hearted strives and loves
The honour of His sanctuaries.

H. E. G. ROPE.

AN ENGLISH CONVENT UNDER ENEMY RULE

NOT a few of the visitors who in the days before the war frequented the picturesque city of Bruges used to find their way on Sunday afternoons, attracted by the excellent music, to the convent chapel of the "Dames Anglaises" at the extremity of the Rue des Carmes. Here in the north-east corner of the town, close beside the canal to Zeebrugge, a community of English ladies has been settled ever since the year 1629. A little before that date a certain Lady Lovel, widow of Sir Robert Lovel, bought the enclosure, even then known as Nazareth, designing to establish there a convent of Bernardine nuns. Her plan, however, was frustrated and she left the property to the English Jesuits, but they finding it unsuitable for their purpose, sold it to their countrywomen, the Augustinian Canonesses Regular at St. Monica's, Louvain, who desired to make a new foundation. Ten of their number, all exiles for the faith, accordingly migrated to Bruges, choosing for their Mother Prioress, first Frances Sandford, and then, at her death in 1635, Mary Pole, a grand-niece of Cardinal Pole. The traditions of this branch of the Order, indeed, are closely bound up with names famous in the history of English Catholicism.¹ Mother Margaret Clement, the virtual foundress of the English Community of St. Monica's, was the daughter of that Margaret Giggs who was brought up in Sir Thomas More's family, and who appears standing beside Margaret Roper in Holbein's picture of the Chancellor and his household. Among Margaret Clement's companions were a niece of Cardinal Allen, and a sister of Father Henry Garnet, the martyr, while she herself had been trained at Louvain by Elizabeth Woodford, a pre-Reformation nun, a member of the Augustinian community at Burnham, Bucks, before Henry VIII. dissolved them in 1539. The new foundation at Bruges, in spite of manifold trials, prospered and grew in numbers. Every now and then a glimpse of the hospitality there dispensed to visitors may be gained from the letters of some passing traveller. Thus in the correspondence of James Drummond, Earl of Perth, with his sister, Lady Erroll, we read of a visit paid in 1694 to the English Convent at Bruges.

¹ Much of the story is told by Father J. Morris in his *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, Vol. I.; and by Dom A. Hamilton in his *Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses of St. Monica's at Louvain*.

At Bruges we went and waited on my Lady Anna Howard, who is a most excellent lady; at their house we heard Complaine sung in musick very finely (for they have excellent musicians amongst them); and the nuns treated us at their grate with a fine collation of milks, fruits and sweetmeats. Within sat the presiding Mother, Lady Catherine Howard and Lady Lucy Herbert, daughter to the Duke of Powis, and talked with us while we eat. Lady Lucy is a most excellent religieuse.¹

At this date the Lady Lucy Herbert, who was destined herself to rule the community as Prioress for more than thirty-four years was twenty-five years of age. She was first cousin to the Ladies Catherine and Anna Howard, just mentioned, and it was she who some years later built the present domed chapel with its altar of rich marbles; which, we are glad to hear, has survived all the perils of British bombs and German anti-aircraft guns. It was Lady Nithsdale, famous for her heroism in effecting her husband's escape from the Tower when he had been condemned to death with Lord Derwentwater, who had this altar made in Rome in 1738, at the request of Lady Lucy Herbert, the Prioress, her sister.

But we have no intention of narrating the history of this Bruges convent which now for thirty years and more has had a daughter house at Hayward's Heath in Sussex. Our object is only to make its English origin clear to the reader, by way of introduction to the interesting notes on the experiences of the community during the German occupation, which have most kindly been supplied to us by one of the Sisters. For more than a century past the community have included an ever increasing number of Belgian members, and the school belonging to it has become famous throughout the Netherlands, attracting the children of the best Belgian families, but, with a single noteworthy exception in recent years, their Mother Prioress has always been an Englishwoman and the official language of the convent, which even the Flemish lay-Sisters are expected to learn, is English. It may be added that not many years since the present Commander-in-Chief of our English army in Italy was present in the Bruges convent chapel at the clothing of one of his relatives, and that the writer of the notes which follow, the member of a family which has given many soldiers to the Empire, is a grand-daughter of the well-known military historian, Sir Archibald Alison.

¹ *Letters of James, Earl of Perth* (Camden Society, 1845), p. 43.

From October 14, 1914, the day on which the German troops entered Bruges, the iron heel made itself felt, down to the minutest details of daily life. The German mentality was so overpowering that one could only gasp, and wonder that such thoughts and feelings *could* exist. We soon found that the best way of dealing with our enemy was to meet all barefaced demands with firmness and politeness. Retorts and the luxury of "giving a piece of one's mind" were visited, as many in town found to their cost, by heavy fines, imprisonment, or deportation to Germany; cringing to the mighty power was followed by bullying, whereas calmness and good manners seemed to disconcert them.

At 12 o'clock on Oct. 14th German troops marched into Bruges by the four gates. They were received in dead silence and with averted looks by the inhabitants of the town. The Belgian porter of the Military Hospital, having been taken for a soldier owing to his brass-buttoned uniform, was shot,—a scant apology only being obtained from the German military authorities on the mistake being pointed out to them. Their aim was to terrorize the people from the first. Soldiers were billeted in all the private houses,—houses abandoned by their tenants were taken possession of and pillaged. All newspapers were stopped, except of course German ones, and, later on, a French [*i.e.*, Belgian] one which was permitted under strict German censorship. Letters had to bear the German imprimatur, Belgian stamps were prohibited. Clocks and watches had to be put forward by an hour to correspond with Berlin. Civilians in the street, people in their private houses, nuns in their convents, were called upon unexpectedly by German soldiers to produce their watches, and if these were not found to be marking the Berlin hour, heavy fines were the result, or imprisonment. No church or convent bells were heard in Bruges from this day forth, and a heavy gloom settled on the erstwhile happy little town and filled all hearts with sad forebodings of what was still to come.

On October 25th our school was requisitioned as an ambulance. We had used it as an ambulance for our own wounded up till October 13th. It had been under the superintendence of Doctor Osborne with his staff of three nurses and three doctors. Our services for nursing, night-watching, and general work had been accepted, and about seventy or eighty wounded had been tended between September and Oct. 13th. One young soldier had died and was laid out in the Children of Mary's Chapel, his remains being afterwards removed to the Military Hospital. This ambulance had been got off to the coast and to England on Oct. 13th, and we had hastily removed all posters, and signs of its existence, hoping, alas! vainly, to evade the rapacious German eye. We

removed, moreover, as quickly as we could all portable furniture from the school,—pianos, pictures, beds and bedding, and everything that could be carried away. As much as possible was stored in a large school garret which we locked and barricaded. We hoped that if the building was requisitioned the downstairs rooms alone would suffice; but Doctor Schepers at once demanded the whole building. Protests were useless. The General Mistress's room was turned into the head doctor's bureau, a large glass verandah into an operating theatre. The doctor found the kitchen all too small, and made uncomfortable enquiries about the convent kitchen and the laundry, but these questions were, thank God, successfully parried. The school kitchen fire was promptly lighted and in the twinkling of an eye six German cooks were at work producing yards of fat sausages. At night we heard the tramp of the sentinel up and down the open garden gallery and the arrival of screeching motors that crashed on to the children's tennis-courts with their burden of wounded men.

Field-glasses are requisitioned and the Burgomaster requests private people to give theirs. We give ours and receive a "Bon" for 125 francs. Telephones are carried off,—a German official comes into our Enclosure to take ours without a "by your leave."

On November 23rd we have our first taste of what the English bombardment of Zeebrugge is like. The noise is terrific, we can scarcely hear ourselves speak, windows are shaking, doors banging.

On December 4th we received an official notice from the German Kommandantur that our school is to remain at the disposal of the German Army for an ambulance, although the present ambulance would soon be leaving. We protest that our school is a private one and that we wish to open it as soon as possible, but this is met by a deaf ear. A German official calls to say all will be left intact in our school and that orders have been given for a general cleaning. The ambulance leaves on 9th December. The stench and filth are appalling. The limited number of sheets, blankets and pillow-cases that we had been requested to furnish had disappeared. All kitchen crockery and glass had been carried off, gas-stoves, tables, chairs ditto. A cupboard full of clothing for the poor which we had not had time to clear away and had left locked, had been broken open and emptied. Basins and slops had not been emptied, broken food strewn about in the rooms, a dead dog in the rubbish bin. The garret where we had stored the school furniture had been forced open and ransacked, a provision of new blankets carried off, the contents of the children's trunks and all their eiderdowns idem. We hasten to remove all that remained, which was little enough.

Reverend Mother sends a list of the missing articles, with an estimate of their value to the doctor, who tells her in reply to claim indemnification from the Kommandantur, which, however, we are advised by Bruges officials not to do. About the middle of December we are rationed for bread and the bakers are forbidden to bake with white flour. On New Year's Eve, 1915, we were awakened with a start at midnight by the sound of loud firing in all the streets of Bruges, giving us the impression that the Allies had come and that there was hand-to-hand fighting in the streets. We gathered with scared faces in the dormitory but finally ended with a good laugh as it dawned upon our awakening senses that the Germans were only firing in the New Year! The next day we learnt that, without giving any warning in the town, soldiers had been posted at the top of each street to fire volleys of rifle shot from 12 to 1 o'clock.

On January 4th the Inspector from the Military Hospital calls to visit the school and requisitions it for another ambulance. He wants room for 300 wounded. We point out we have barely 100 beds but he says airily that is of no consequence "there are plenty of excellent beds in Bruges." More room than what we gave for the last ambulance is demanded, and taken, in spite of protests. A wall outside the children's refectory is lowered to let in more light; partitions put up where wanted with total disregard to damage done to existing walls, gas-pipes altered, radiators displaced to suit their own convenience, sinks and hot-water pipes placed where required, a porter's lodge built in the corridor and a door knocked through a wall giving on to the street. Carpets are asked for for the officers and lounge chairs. We send some of our oldest matting and mention that nuns do not indulge in lounges, so these are applied for from the town. Wine is now requisitioned from private families. We are called upon for 300 bottles. We promptly bury or hide our best altar wine and give the cheap quality we possess.

We notice a number of our school washhand-stands and chairs being carted off and the Procuratrix goes down to the school to protest against our furniture being carried away. The doctor is civil but informs her that the Military Hospital and the English Convent being now counted as one establishment it is sometimes necessary to change the furniture from one place to another. That all will be restored before they leave,—an assertion which we take the liberty of doubting. The Doctor is being "fêted" on this occasion, it being his birthday, with champagne and bouquets of flowers. He informs the Procuratrix that he considers "English ladies to be charming, but that the men are detestable!" We hear there are 450 wounded in our ambulance. The quantity of gas and

water consumed is enormous. We are advised to be inoculated against typhus, and are all done, except four or five. The Doctor asks that his soldiers should be allowed to pass through our convent garden to a garden gate that opens nearly opposite the Military Hospital. Reverend Mother is firm in her refusal. She points out that her nuns are "enclosed" and have only their garden to walk in,—that if the German soldiers are to pass through she will have to forbid us to leave the building. For a moment she saw an ugly look in the Doctor's eyes but he finally thought better of it and said that in that case he would have to cut down some trees and make a gate in the school garden wall. Reverend Mother bowed assent to this, and our Enclosure was saved. On 9th May a Marine from the school ambulance is sent to inform us that part of the ceiling of the school has fallen in. We point out that the school was built for 70 or 80 children and not for 450 soldiers and that their abnormal heating of the furnace would probably bring about more accidents. The boiler had been burst twice already!

The civilian prison in town is full of people, imprisoned for nothing,—a shopkeeper for having said the "quality of his blankets was good enough for the Germans," a seminarist for having a newspaper, many for having their watches marking the wrong time. The nephew of one of our nuns, a child of 13, being heard to play the Brabançonne and the Marseillaise on his violin, two German police entered the house and arrested the mother, Baroness de C. and the boy. They were both carried off to prison and separated, and kept in confinement for three weeks. A granddaughter of the Burgomaster, a girl of 15, is accused of a "want of reverence" towards the Germans, the house is ransacked, a copybook is found with the caricature in it of a German pig; a big fine and imprisonment is the result and the family is so strictly watched and persecuted that they finally leave the town for Brussels. Priests are the special butt of German tyranny. Poor parish curés are held up to ridicule before their flock, made to stand against walls to be shot at and treated with every sort of contumely. The atrocious news of the shooting of Miss Cavell at Brussels was received with indignation, but anger and hatred were brought to a pitch later on when brave Captain Fryatt was shot in cold blood in the small hours of the morning at Bruges after a mock trial, meeting his death like a hero. One night the sound of loud cheering and shouts and laughter were heard from our ambulance;—we trembled, thinking it betokened some German victory and consequent disaster for our Allies, but learnt next morning to our sorrow and dismay of the death of Lord Kitchener. Would *our* soldiers, we asked ourselves, have cheered and shouted

over the death of any German general, if he had been a brave man?

Catering became exceedingly difficult. Everything was wanted for Germany, and farmers and tradespeople ran up fabulous prices for everything they sold "by fraud" to the Belgians. Eggs, butter, sugar, milk, meat, etc., were all requisitioned and the smallest of rations allowed. We turned all our grass plots and flower beds into potato patches, and planted cabbages and carrots and turnips in every corner. Some of our trees we had to sacrifice for firewood, as the allowance of coal, or rather coke, was so exceedingly small as not to be sufficient for even a small daily kitchen fire. The rest of the house had of course to go fireless. Gas was also limited, and darkness was the order of the evenings and nights. Shoe leather rose to an impossible price, £5 or £6 for a pair of walking shoes. This was of course prohibitive for nuns, so we set ourselves to work to make cloth shoes with cord soles that we tarred to keep out damp for garden use. Reels of cotton could only be obtained at the price of 10s. per reel. We had to live on the limited provision we had in the convent and school in 1914. Other school provisions such as copy-books, pens, etc., and even old lesson books, were begged for by shops and private people, who offered higher prices than we liked to take. Even old sheets and bed-curtains were pounced upon as treasures for clothing for large families, scraps of ribbon and lace, linings, etc., sold for four times their value; old uniform aprons we sold for 3s. each, and were told we were literally giving them away, as a shop would sell them for 10s. each. Empty medicine bottles were willingly taken for 2d. or 3d. each by the chemists in town.

We got through the ordeal of the different requisitions for brass, mattresses, bales of linen or material of any sort, as satisfactorily as possible under the circumstances. At the first inkling of what would be required of us, all our brass pots and pans and coal-scuttles, cauldrons, candlesticks, and works of art were buried away in hiding-places. A small quantity only for daily and necessary use being kept out to avert suspicion and prevent a house-search. Of this we were called upon to give up two-thirds, which we did under protest. Brass-fittings of doors, windows, gas-burners, were wrenched down by these plunderers in most of the houses in town; we had removed most of ours and replaced them by iron or common metal. Our pictures we had consigned to a place of safety in town, and distributed likewise our school crockery and other valuables among friends and benefactors in different directions. Once our coal-cellars were visited, but the amount we had (or showed) was only estimated as to quantity and we were not called to give any up.

Being within a mile or so of the Zeebrugge canal landing-quay, or "basin," as it is called, brought us into close proximity with the bombs the Allies were constantly dropping on the submarines and destroyers collected there. The shock and explosions of these bombs kept us awake night after night. Anti-aircraft guns were placed close round our convent and the danger, for us, from these was greater than that from the bombs. Shells used to burst over us and come down in showers of shrapnel over our roofs and garden,—as many as 52 window-panes were broken in one day, and by 1918 scarcely a window-pane remains intact. Glass was too expensive, besides being almost unobtainable, so all our windows are patched with paper or old linen. When the firing became too violent we went down to our cellar (preceded always, curiously enough, by our cat, who at the first shot used to make for the cellar door and dart down directly it was open). We were providentially protected from accidents in a way that was almost miraculous. Many houses in our street or near us were destroyed by shells, and people were hurt or killed by fragments of shrapnel, yet not one of us was touched. We attributed this to the prayer of Compline "*Visita*"¹ which we recited daily in Choir in the vernacular,—we had replaced our school work by adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, taken in single turns of $\frac{1}{2}$ hour each throughout the day. We had to give up many a Benediction for want of altar lights, though leave had been granted for only four candles to burn during Exposition. We had to keep our small provision for our daily Mass, and indeed would not have fared so well if one of our ambulances had not left us a large box of church candles, carried away by them from a ruined parish church in the country. The Sanctuary lamp might not burn at night, by German order, for fear of aeroplanes, but this, thank God, is burning brightly again at last. Before leaving, the Doctor of our ambulance told one of us in confidence that we little knew the number of times the sword of sorrow had been on the point of falling on our heads. Several times had he been advised, and indeed ordered, when he had petitioned for more room, to turn out the nuns and take their Enclosure, but he had replied that it was not the sort of building he required, the rooms were not suitable, there was no heating apparatus, etc., and so we were saved. Was not some Providence watching over the community? Rumours of our having to leave were perpetually reaching us, but beyond

¹ "*Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this house and drive far from it all snares of the enemy, let Thy holy angels dwell herein who may keep us in peace, and let Thy blessing be always upon us: through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.*"

having our travelling mantles and a small package ready, we did nothing but wait and trust in God and Our Lady, and our hope was not confounded. As no post brought us the monthly *Messenger* and leaflet of the Apostleship of Prayer, we added to our Morning Offering the petition that "The Kingdom of Thy Sacred Heart may come in all hearts, and spread peace and concord among the nations throughout the world," and this was the prayer of all our hearts and the one that we still make.

One further item may be added to these hurried notes. We got to know that among the wounded of our different ambulances there were at times English, French and Belgian officers and soldiers. We had stipulated from the beginning with the doctors that if any such chanced to come we should be informed and allowed to visit them. This was promised us. When now and again we learned for certain that our men *were* among the wounded, we enquired, and reminded the Doctor of his promise, but were met with evasive answers and denials. "One *had* been there but had left that morning," though we knew pretty well that this was not true. We regret much that our efforts in this respect were unavailing.

The writer of this account has said little about the hardships to which the community uncomplainingly submitted in the matter of food, lodging, clothing, light, etc., for these things they judge to be the natural portion of an enclosed order whose normal life would be pronounced by the majority of us to be unendurably austere. Again, the isolation, the uncertainty of news, and the severance from kith and kin were sufferings that were shared in full measure by the majority of their fellow townsmen. But the anxiety of mind caused by the partial invasion of their privacy and by the dread that they, whom years of seclusion had unfitted to cope with the daily concerns of life, might be driven from their convent walls to wander through the world as homeless outcasts, was probably the greatest affliction of all. "The relief of mind is unspeakable," wrote one of them to us when the four years' nightmare at last was ended, and this probably sums up better than anything else the burden of their thankfulness to God for the victory of the Allies which procured them release.

H. T.

BENSON AND HUYSMANS

“**F**RANCE, I will think of thee as what thou wast. . . . I dare not think of thee as what thou art,”¹ sang Newman in his Oxford days, whilst Keble lamented at the same time in England “Christ’s charter blurred with coarse usurping hand, and galled with yoke of feudal tyranny.”² Later days have seen cause for us of the Catholic Church to echo the regret, but if we to-day are witnesses of an apostasy, so are we also of a conversion.

In England, having for three hundred years mourned the loss of the Faith, recent developments would make us pause and wonder if we are soon to see the loss of even the imperfect form of Christianity which survived the cataclysm of the Reformation, whilst in France we have watched dismayed the persecution of the Religious Orders, the spoliation of the Church, the secularizing of education, and the carefully fostered opposition to “le cléricalisme.” Yet we remind ourselves that, not so long ago as we reckon history, England was described by a Pope as “a Catholic kingdom renowned and dear to the Apostolic See,”³ and France gloried in being “the eldest daughter of the Church.”

However, we may rejoice in a counter movement in France, a Catholic revival which has brought back to the Church some of the great minds of the day and which, helped by much in the present war, is steadily leavening the masses; whilst in England we welcome a steady stream of converts drawn from the ranks of both learned and simple.

In both lands a result of the movement has been a considerable literary output and of this an important feature is the type of novel which may be described as a study in religious psychology. Two writers have stood out in their respective countries as authors of such works and, since they have much in common but yet at times differ profoundly, a slight study of both may be interesting and even profitable. They are—in England, one whose name has become a Catholic household word, Robert Hugh Benson, priest of the Catholic Church and convert; in France, the Dutch-born but French-

¹ “France” in *Lyra Apostolica*. ² “Church and King” in the same.

³ Bull of Urban IV. in 1265 appointing St. Bonaventure to the see of York. Cf. Wadding, Anno 1265, No. 14.

nurtured Jorian Karl Huysmans, layman, scholar, and "converti."

These have in common that both deal with convert psychology and with the Catholic Church as converts find her; both are students of mysticism, and both are keenly appreciative of, and intensely interested in the contemplative religious life.

A recent distinguished pilgrim to the City of Peace has described the journey of a convert as an *Æneid*; that of the French variety is usually an *Odyssey*; hence while for both there is an adventurous way thither, for the former there is perhaps more strangeness but more delightful discoveries at the end, and for the latter there is the renewing of acquaintance and familiarity with the precious details of Home.

The Benson novels are stories as well as psychological studies, and we follow the threads of the plots with keen interest, even though our primary concern be with the development of the characters; in the post-conversion books of Huysmans there cannot be said to be any plot, indeed the digressions in these novels are so many and so long that any thread would be hopelessly broken. These form rather an outlet for the writer to indulge his passion for the study of different aspects of mediævalism, but at times even the character study is nearly stifled (as in *La Cathédrale*) beneath the weight of archæological and historical matter.

Huysman gives us one "converti" in his series of Catholic novels, Durtal, whom it is not possible to parallel in the Benson books. A man of mature years, many gifts, scholarly tastes and a capacity for religion, he is, withal, largely a creature of uncontrolled passions who has almost spoiled his life and all but murdered his soul, whilst, even when converted he is still rather a sentimentalist. His religion is seated far more in the emotions than in the will, and he carries with him into the Church, not the humility of a Benson convert, but a spirit of carping, captious criticism and an ill-founded and almost petulant spiritual ambition which nearly refuses to walk at all if it may not walk by sight.

Chris Dell in Benson's *Sentimentalists* somewhat resembles him in his lawless earlier life, his emotionalism, his trend towards the artistic, and his attraction to the mystical life, but Chris is a far finer and stronger character and finally attains to that for which Durtal strives in vain.

There is no such person as a typical convert. In *Le Voyage*

du Centurion, Psichari gives us in Maxence a type quite other than Huysman's study, and Benson has loved to portray widely differing types. We have Algy Bannister, the outwardly unattractive boy, the fool of the family, whom none of his conventual relatives considered worth the trouble of trying to understand, but who had within him (though long he guessed it not) that insight into divine things which enabled him at last to see deeply into them indeed, and that simplicity and purity of soul which we are told carries with it the capacity for seeing God. We have Mr. Main, that terribly poignant figure, sublime in its unattractiveness, who "saw the Truth towering aloft as aloof as an iceberg," and knew that, at whatever cost, he must embrace it or be false to all he knew for good and true. And we have the type of the author himself, of Frank Guiseley, Anthony Norris, and Isabel, who, with the generosity and gallantry of a knight of old, have fallen in love with the Catholic Church, recognize her with delight as "mother and mistress of their souls," gaze upon her dazzled by, and yet glorying in, her splendour, and whose faith and love illumines ordinary life till it becomes "at once less than nothing and more than everything," because a play on a theme of

One who has gone up the heavenly stair, and left a fragrance on
this lower air,

The contemplation of His Love supreme.

Both writers glory in the Church, but in Benson it is ever the substance rather than the accident. His characters rejoice in outward magnificence and ceremonial as in the court etiquette of Heaven; they will have heavenly-regal state when they can, but Benson never tires of stressing its non-essential character—nay, he revels in introducing us to hideous little chapels and unattractive clergy, and then driving home the lesson that these are but accidentals. But Durtal has been brought into the Church by his love of the artistic therein—he has followed the strains of Gregorian plain chant into the lights and shades of Gothic churches. The type has its drawbacks; one feels that, like Benson's Lady Brasted, he has found out but too well "the extreme gracefulness of the Catholic religion."

Frenchman and Englishman meet again in their zeal for the "opus Dei," and some of the finest passages in both are descriptions of and meditations on community worship.

Especially close is the parallel in *The King's Achievement* and *L'Oblat*, in the poignant accounts of the deserted choir of Lewes Priory with the two solitary monks, faithful among the faithless, striving to keep up the Divine Office when an apostate monarch and his sycophants have decided that it is to cease, and the tiny group who do likewise in the Abbey of Val des Saints when another renegade government has declared war on "le cléricalisme."

Mysticism, long neglected, has of late years received attention, much of which is characterized by zeal rather than knowledge or discretion. It has become "the fashion," and a section of the non-Catholic literary world has been busy finding parallels between St. John of the Cross and Gautama, and displaying the secrets of the "Interior Castle" to the man in the street. This is no place in which to enter into the characteristics of such "mystics"—their conceptions are faulty because lacking at once sound dogmatic basis and sound scientific method, and usually differ as widely from Catholic mysticism as do their literary productions from the great Catholic classics on the subject.

Except in *None other Gods*, explicitly there is less about mysticism in Benson's works than in those of Huysmans' in which the word occurs at intervals of very few pages, but a mystic vein runs through the former more truly than through the latter. What strikes one forcibly is that Benson's mystic by excellence, Frank Guiseley, goes on content to see only the next step, content to walk in darkness because he believes in a dawn. He seems not to look to the end, he understands little of the process through which his soul is passing until the monk explains it to him, but he advances almost unconsciously, practising stern mortification and learning perfect humility and, because the way is as divine as the end, reaches the end—"and Failure was complete"—a failure enthroned in a seat of victory and hailed by angels as a triumph as once before on a Hill outside a City.

So with Chris Dell who, once converted, attains too to that life of the Spirit, pursuing his way with utter simplicity; Durtal, on the other hand, is for ever seeking the goal of the mystic, "crying for Grace, impatient of delay," "une sorte de sensitive" after as before his conversion. For him the mystical life is rather a spiritual luxury, he wants to enjoy it but he shrinks from its complement—mortification—and

because he despises the drab details of the way, the end remains far aloof, showing but dimly through that luminous darkness through which, because it is darkness, he does not propose to go.

We may note an interesting further contrast. Benson was a lover of nature, not in the spirit of the Pantheist but in that of him who rejoiced in his *Canticle of the Sun* and loved the birds and fishes; Benson saw his Lord and God walk in the fragrant garden when the thrushes sang and the dewdrops jewelled the sward, marked Him at dusk by the orchard gate beneath tall kindly trees; Huysmans preferred to seek Him in some mighty fane of the Ages of Faith, to trace His Providence and plan in statues and mouldings, in storied windows and vaulted roofs, in clustering shafts and towering pillars. True, the Frenchman has always the advantage that his Cathedrals and Abbeys are still his own, housing still Him for whom they were raised, whilst in England he who enters what were once his feels too keenly, as has been well said, that "the real absence is so painfully obvious."

True, one becomes surfeited with symbolism in Huysmans' books and feels at times that his conception of it all lacks spontaneity and seems one-sided. It looks nearly always to man's side and at the end one realizes that, though the writer has mystic literature at his fingers' ends, he lacks Benson's insight. There is much about mysticism but not the thing itself, except, however (an important exception) in connection with the contemplative religious life.

With this great feature of the Catholic Church, both authors are profoundly impressed. Both desire to show and succeed in showing, not only the splendour of the life but, what the modern world doubts even more, its use. Both had first-hand knowledge of it all, but here as nowhere else, Huysmans is ahead of Benson, for he has grasped and exposes the core of the whole system, that aspect of it of which the world knows least and which, for all his expounding and appreciating in *The Conventionalists* Benson missed—its Apostolic aspect. In his (Benson's) books stress is laid far more on the sanctification of the individual soul. Take the description of the Carthusians—"a company of men . . . who believed that Pain had a function in life, that material comfort was the least of all small things, that reality lay in what was unseen, that silence and solitude led to an initiation of which the

world knows nothing, that 'the kingdom of Heaven suffers violence' and that the violent, not the acquiescent nor the contented nor the sitters in armchairs, take it by force"—excellent so far as it goes but not quite far enough. True in *A Winnowing*, in the sermon preached in the Carmelite Chapel at Mary Weston's clothing, we have one glimpse of the other aspect when the preacher speaks of "chosen souls called by God to leave the world, not to fly from evil but to deal with it more effectually," but it is only a single flash.

But in the walk late at night through the grounds of the Cistercian abbey the Abbot gives Durtal the Apologia of the contemplative life, enlarging, in passages exquisitely beautiful in their simplicity, on its great *raison d'être*.

They are again on common ground when portraying their monks. All are men whose keen spiritual vision has but served to make them supremely practical in things religious, supremely sane and "normal" (in Benson's use of the word). In *The Conventionalists* emphasis is laid upon the lack of the "abnormal," the theatrical, in the Carthusian; the Benedictine in *None Other Gods* handles the deep things of God with a reverent simplicity infinitely more forceful than the monastic behaviour of an average religious when introduced into a non-Catholic novel; the Capuchin in *An Average Man* is sublime in his simplicity; whilst in Huysmans' *En Route* we have a pregnant and severe touch when the Cistercian gives as a penance to Durtal, the scholarly artistic dilettante in mysticism, the would-be *arbiter elegantiae* in things spiritual—a decade of the Rosary every day for a month!

Possibly it may seem as though the French movement has in it a source of weakness lacking in England, owing to the more luxuriant artistic imagination and more volatile emotions of its subjects, but here perhaps comes in one of the blessings which we have received from this unblest war. Men of both countries have seen the Catholic Church in action as never before; the soldier-priests of France turning what the Government meant for their shame into their glory, the effect of the Faith upon the lives and deaths of Catholics are living witnesses which can neither be silenced nor gainsaid and, in the words of Lacordaire, "We may despise Faith, we cannot despise Life."¹

DOROTHEA BRENNELL.

¹ Conferences on "Life" given at Toulouse.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE WORLD CONFERENCE.

WE have had occasion more than once to refer in these pages to the World Congress on Faith and Order which is to be held at some as yet undefined date in the future but was first projected some eight years ago, and has ever since been engaging the attention of many people solicitous for the reunion of Christendom, chiefly but by no means solely in the United States. Lately we have had sent to us a number of Reports and other papers drawn up in preparation for this Congress accompanied by a covering letter from Mr. Robert Gardiner of Maine, U.S.A., who is the Secretary of the Joint Commission to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of U.S.A., established for the promotion of this object. This letter asks us to bring before the notice of our readers the nature and purpose of the proposed World Congress and enlist their sympathy for a scheme which aims at promoting an end that all Catholics must have at heart, that is to say, the extinction of religious divisions and the restoration of that unity of communion which for so many centuries was the glory of Christendom. This we gladly do, for though the basis on which this Congress is to be held appears to assume that there can be such a restoration of unity without entire agreement in faith and obedience to the authority our Lord has set over His Church, and acceptance of that basis is impossible for Catholics, and is besides one on which they are confident that no durable system of unity could result, they cannot but regard with consolation and delight the growing distaste for religious divisions which has come over the Protestant world and the growing desire to work for their healing.

The situation which has arisen and which this work of preparation for a World Congress has provided with an occasion for expressing itself is indeed very remarkable, and, since the period of divisions set in, in the 16th century, quite without precedent. In the Report for 1916 of the Joint Commission in connexion with the "Protestant Episcopal Church of America" a list is given of quite a number of Churches, Anglican and Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, "Disciples of Christ," Friends, Lutherans, Methodists, Moravians, Presbyterians, and Old Catholics who have connected themselves with the movement, thereby testifying that, as the Report of the same Commission for 1913

expressed it, "in all communions, be they called Catholic or Protestant, the number is daily increasing of those who feel and say that the present estrangements among those who believe in and worship the one Lord Jesus Christ are intolerable and that they must cease." This surely is of itself, apart from all misconceptions and dissensions among the various bodies, a valuable position gained, and one that at least holds out a hope that the unity of olden times may at some not too distant date be restored, if not completely at all events in a far larger measure than at present. There is, too, another ground for hope in the prospect of this projected World-wide gathering, for, as the papers sent us show, a kindly feeling towards all communions, that which gathers round the Apostolic See included, is manifest in the expressions used at the different preliminary gatherings and the reports in which they have issued. Their one regret in fact has been that Catholics have not been as cordial as others in coming forward to bless the movement, and they have displayed a quite pathetic thankfulness over the few kindly references to it in one or another Catholic periodical such as the *Ciencia Tomista*. Moreover in the autumn of 1914 the Secretary of the movement ventured to address Cardinal Gasparri, the Secretary of State to the then new Pope, Benedict XV., enclosing copies of the Reports and other documents appertaining to the Congress movement, and asking that the Holy Father might be good enough to peruse them, and if possible give his blessing to the undertaking. The Cardinal replied in terms which delighted Mr. Gardiner, but which were only such as any Catholic would have anticipated. "The august Pontiff," wrote back the Cardinal, "was well pleased with their project of examining in a sincere spirit and without prejudice the essential form of the Church and he earnestly hoped that under the spell of its native beauty they might settle all disputes and work with prosperous issues to the end that the mystical body of the Church be no longer suffered to be rent and torn but, by harmony and co-operation of men's minds and likewise by the concord of their wills, unity of faith and communion may at last prevail throughout the world of men."

In response to these words of good desire from the See of Peter it seems to us then that we should all take a deep interest in this movement for a World's Congress. May we, however, renew a suggestion which, if we remember rightly, we threw out on a former occasion when referring to the Congress. It is a suggestion which does not appear to lie outside the scope of the movement as described in the papers sent us. These papers indeed are not as clear as could be wished on the subjects for discussion and the principles admitted by all on which the discussion should turn. But it is stated very decidedly that "the

World Conference is to be called largely for the consideration of 'differences.'" What is meant is that by such consideration it is hoped that it may come out that underlying the differences there may often be detected misconceptions which friendly discussion may remove. That may of course occasionally happen, but it is to be feared that it will not happen over the more fundamental questions which divide the members, and then each side will fall back on its "convictions" which will prove an insurmountable barrier to all union. For convictions, as the promoters use the term, mean evidently convictions based on private and personal judgments, and such judgments as universal experience has proved are the principles of division not of unity. Moreover the unity sought by the movement is a social unity, and is it not equally a matter of universal experience that social unity is only obtainable so far as the members are prepared to submit to the social authority of a ruler? And is it not another dictum confirmed by universal experience that Catholicism, the only religion that has achieved the desideratum of a world-wide unity, rests precisely on this basis of authority? Why not start then from this basis: is not the road to unity through submission to a teaching and ruling authority? Here the question will at once arise: How can I submit to a teaching and ruling authority unless it is able to furnish me with a guarantee that in submitting to its teachings and rulings I shall be submitting to the truth, not going against it? The question would be most reasonable; every Catholic as well as every Protestant would say that he feels the need to which it confesses, and feels that the question is vital. The Catholic would, however, respond that the need has been supplied, it is what he means by the infallibility of the Holy See. Here however we are brought to a study of the evidences for the divine institution of the Church and the infallible authority of the Holy See. We cannot enter upon that study now, but it is enough to point out that there is an abundance of books written by expert Catholic writers who have discussed the point from every side; there are too living Catholic scholars to assist in the investigation. It may be said, but this would be controversy, the very thing the projectors of the Congress seek to avoid. But we would submit to their consideration two things, first that controversy in such a case is inevitable but there is no reason why it should overstep the boundaries of friendly discussion; secondly that it might lead them to the attainment of the end they have so much at heart, as nothing else would or could.

S. F. S.

THE FINAL APPEARANCE OF BROTHER JOHANNES.

*POPULUS vult decipi; decipiatur.*¹ We all know the cynical Latin adage, which is supposed to have been first used by an unscrupulous Roman Cardinal, in mockery of the superstitious rabble, agape for miracles.² It is not a little curious that a Catholic journal like *THE MONTH* should find itself called upon time after time to protest against the spirit of credulity rampant in our secular Press regarding all kinds of vaticinations and other spiritualistic happenings. Religious propheteering seems to be as much in vogue just now as the profiteering of a more commercial order. We should have thought, for example, that the Brother Johannes screed, the most pretentious and also the most nonsensical of all these revelations, would by this time have died a natural death. It has figured more than once in these pages³ and has been even more thoroughly exposed in France, notably in the booklet of Père Yves de la Brière.⁴ None the less just a year ago it was resuscitated in the columns of *Chambers' Journal*, and now, what is still more astonishing, the *Evening Standard*, which was the first newspaper to import it into England (1914) from the Paris *Figaro*, fills a column and a half with a reprint of this preposterous rubbish, at the request, it tells us, of many of its readers, describing it at the same time as "a remarkable document" and prefacing the text with the brazen assertion that "there is considerable evidence of its genuineness."⁵ The truth is that the sole evidence for its authenticity, *i.e.*, for the fact that such a document ever existed, either in the 17th century or at any other time, is the statement of the late M. Joséphin Péladan, who sent it to the *Figaro*. Now M. Péladan was a sort of professional hoaxer, the French counterpart of that *âme perdue*, among occultists, Mr. Aleister Crowley, whose efforts to "get rich quick" seem to have ended somewhat disastrously. Even supposing that M. Péladan had any sort of original before him, which is doubtful, his method of dealing with a pre-existing text of this sort is fortunately placed beyond doubt. He was an editor who thought nothing of substituting one word for another, of printing "Russians," for example, in place of "Prussians," of inserting or leaving out a negative, of omitting or re-writing any clause which he happened to find inconvenient for the purpose he had in view—and all this, while professing to give a faithful copy of the document before him. This is not

¹ "The people like to be duped; let them be duped."

² The phrase is ascribed, but upon no trustworthy authority, to Cardinal Caraffa, the Legate of Paul IV.

³ See *THE MONTH*, Nov. 1914, Nov. 1917 and Jan. 1918.

⁴ *Le Destin de l'Empire allemand*, pp. 62—97.

⁵ *The Evening Standard*, Nov. 13, 1918.

a matter of conjecture or inference, but a point which anyone can verify for himself by comparing a certain "prophecy of Frère Antoine" as it stands in M. Péladan's version (printed in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, Sept. 12th, 1914) with the original from which he professed to borrow it. In this case he omits all mention of the Austrians, represents the Russians as fighting not with, as in the text, but against the Prussians, and calmly ignores the fact that the prediction describes the whole struggle as ending before 1878.¹ Moreover these examples are far from exhausting the list of astounding liberties the editor has taken. But if this is M. Péladan's *modus operandi* when we are able to confront his version with the original, how can we put confidence in his copy of a document which no one but himself has ever seen? As we long ago pointed out in these pages, and as Père de la Brière has also shown, the supposed Brother Johannes views the future exactly as M. Péladan himself would have viewed it in the early days of Sept., 1914. The prophet's vision is limited to just what was known or foreseen at that particular crisis of the great struggle. "Brother Johannes" tells us the name of the new Pope Benedict. He sees three great nations fighting against the Beast, *i.e.*, France, Russia, and England, and refers to them more than once as "the *three* animals, defenders of the Lamb"; he knows of the invasion of France and of the manifesto of the German theologians. But of all the unexpected features of the contest posterior in date to September, 1914, he does not indicate a single one. No hint is given of the unprecedented feature of trench warfare, nothing is said of the complete conquest of Belgium, nothing of the submarine campaign, nothing of the entry of Italy, nothing of the collapse of Russia, nothing of the capture of Jerusalem, though that event might have been supposed to possess a certain interest for the monk Johannes, nothing of the final and decisive factor of the war—the accession of the United States to the ranks of the Allies. Moreover the document swarms with positive blunders of the most glaring kind. Pope Benedict is to issue a Bull excommunicating the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria, and the latter monarch is to die of the curse. The Russian white eagle is to overrun Germany from end to end, and is later on to drive the Crescent out of Europe and to occupy Constantinople. There is, in fact, not a single feature of the events prognosticated which has been verified except the broad circumstance of the overthrow of German Imperialism. Even a child could see that when the prophet describes the contest as ending by "the *extermination* of the

¹ We have not been content with accepting Père de la Brière's account of the matter, but we have compared M. Péladan's article in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* with the text of Curicque's *Voix Prophétiques*, (5th Edit., Vol. II, pp. 522–525) to which he expressly refers.

Anti-Christ's last army" he is talking arrant nonsense. And yet because out of the thirty-four paragraphs of the supposed document there is one that foretells that the Kaiser will "die demented and alone," his empire being divided into twenty-two states, the *Evening Standard* prints this in the blackest of Clarendon type and talks of "the great interest" of the prophecy "in view of the striking manner in which the main predictions have been fulfilled." If the Editor's discernment in political matters is on a level with his critical judgment in dealing with a silly imposture of this sort, one gets a poor idea indeed of the wisdom of those guides by whom English public opinion is fashioned and directed.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Defeat of Militarism.

"O thou sword of the Lord," cries the prophet,¹ "How long wilt thou rest not? Return into thy scabbard; grow cold; be still." At last the Lord hath sheathed His sword, in a manner so unexpected and with results so dramatic, so stamped with poetic justice that the over-ruling of His providence is clearly manifest. His work is indeed accomplished, wickedness has been overthrown and justice has been vindicated more fully than the most sanguine dared to hope some months ago. And under Providence it is due to the sword that the foe has been conquered. The German leaders in the field, not the politicians at home, have had to acknowledge defeat and sue for an armistice. The defection of Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey was an effect, not a cause, of this defeat: the ship was sinking before these particular passengers quitted it. Let us mark this well. Militarism in its own chosen field has been brought to nought by the comparatively untrained levies of the free nations fighting for freedom. And this, even though the enemy from the beginning threw off all restraints of law and morality in his warfare and fought like a savage, putting all his trust in his material strength and determined to make victory justify all illegalities. He was beaten by amateurs, who fought under the handicap of observance of law, who committed no outrages on neutrals, who treated prisoners humanely, who did not use forbidden weapons till forced to do so in self-defence, whose warfare as a whole was ruled by civilized conventions. Nothing could more discredit the whole philosophy of Might being Right than that result. There was no soul behind the German military effort, no grandeur in its aim, no chivalry in its methods;

¹ Jeremiah xlvii. 6.

it was inspired by avarice and selfishness alone, and so it fell, inwardly corrupt though outwardly so powerful. If the Germany of the future, or indeed any other nation, should be tempted to think that the measure of a people's greatness is its ability to dominate its neighbours and should therefore subordinate all other State activities to the organization of war, the history of the war of 1914—1918 will surely give it strength to resist the suggestion. Militarism received its death-blow on November 11th: the aim of the free nations must be to prevent its resurrection.

**The Downfall
of
Autocratic Rule.**

Few years in the world's history can have witnessed such a series of world-shaking events as those occupied by the world war. In these four years four autocracies have been overthrown, four Empires dissolved into their constituent elements. The political evolution of mankind has advanced in that short time more than in all the previous century. Autocracy is now universally recognized as a stupid, corrupt, degrading, anachronistic form of rule, demoralizing both to subject and ruler. Empire, in so far as it connotes the forcible subjection and inferior status of other nationalities, is seen to be as immoral as chattel slavery. The wonder is, as men thought on the morrow of the French Revolution, that these things endured so long. But it is not wonderful that the reaction against them should go to extremes, the worst in those lands where the despotism was worst. It may be that Germany, in spite of much red-flag waving, will avoid the anarchy of Russia: it may be that the erstwhile Austrian States will group themselves in more natural and stable combinations: it must be that the Turk relieves Christendom of the pollution of his presence. But, assuming that the anarchists are everywhere kept in check, the reaction against tyranny could hardly be more thorough: throughout the whole of Europe east of the Rhine there is this one political agreement—kings must go or become democratic. The people will henceforth rule themselves. The innate right of each community to select its own principle of government is being freely exercised for the first time in lands where the doctrine of divine right and traces of the feudal system had hitherto lingered. And the nations are choosing democracy.

**The Nemesis of
Military Rule.**

In some future age some poet or historian of genius will adequately depict the closing scenes of the great drama we have lately witnessed. We are too close to the stage and the action has been too rapid and violent for proper appreciation. There is no colossal figure like Napoleon's to focus the gaze, but his place may be represented by the German High Command, so skilful in the

mere mechanics of its trade, so blind to moral values, so ignorant and incompetent in political adjustments. Napoleon's fate, criminal as was his ambition, can evoke our pity. For the German War-Lords, but especially for the All-Highest, there is nothing due but supreme contempt. The nest of anarchists whom they provoked to fury by their brutal terms at Brest-Litovsk were more powerful than they. The weapon of Bolshevik violence, which they sought to wield against the Allies, at last pierced their own hand, and the red flag at Kiel, the unquestioned ascendancy of the working-class in the Government, the submission of the once all-powerful Hindenburg to the Jacobins now in power—these give the measure of their blind stupidity and their radical incapacity for the world-rule they coveted. They gambled, poor fools, against the spirit of liberty for their "Weltmacht": they have been shamefully beaten and their fate must be "Niedergang." Whatever be the final form which the polity of the Germanic peoples takes, these men and the evil dynasty that bred them must totally disappear. They have brought their country to ruin: nothing but a timely surrender under terms which showed their impotence saved them from a final and crushing defeat in the field and a hostile invasion. What we hoped and prayed for has come to pass: militarism has gone down in ruin and shame. If we are tempted to pity its dupes amongst the rank and file in their disgrace, let us remember Belgium and devastated France, let us above all think of the almost universal German mishandling of surrendered men, and keep our compassion mainly for those who have suffered for liberty and justice.

**The Price of
Liberty.**

How dear, how priceless Liberty has now become since we have paid such a price for its preservation! The British casualty list for the land forces alone reaches the total of 3,060,991 and although this includes wounded, re-wounded, prisoners, and missing, it also includes 677,704 actually dead, many, especially amongst the 37,876 officers, on the very threshold of manhood. This means that during these four and a quarter years of warfare we have sacrificed an average of 450 men a day to ward off the German menace to liberty. We have not the total casualties of the other Allies, but presumably those of the French and Russians are more than ours. On the other hand, to serve the Kaiser's ambition in this wanton war, a Reuter telegram announces that 1,580,000 Germans have been killed, 260,000 are missing, 490,000 are prisoners, and 4,000,000 are wounded. These men alas! also died for liberty, *i.e.* being aggressors, they had to be killed in liberty's defence. And when we throw in the Austrian, Turkish, Italian, Serbian, and Roumanian dead, the slaughtered people of Armenia and the millions of civilians everywhere who have succumbed to

ill-treatment, disease and famine due to war, who shall reckon accurately the ghastly sum? Let us repeat, this war was not necessary: no war is: human ambitions can and should be restrained by the moral law. No, it was the spirit embodied in the Prussian War-Lords, the anti-Christian ethic that sets the State above God and puts national interests before just dealing that brought about this holocaust. No condemnation can be too severe for its authors: no praise too high for those who suffered to overthrow it. And no care can be thought excessive for the preservation of that which has cost so much.

**Liberty
and
Ireland.**

Still, though the German menace has been finally overthrown, liberty is not yet secure. That arrogant Empire has disappeared and its constituent States, in their desire to evade responsibility, are asserting their independence of each other. But peace at home and abroad is not yet firmly established. The principle of nationality is not everywhere recognized, and class is still in danger of being exploited by class. It is useless to ignore the fact that Ireland remains the one black spot in the prospects of peace, as she was once the one bright spot when war was imminent. Here we can deal only with objective fact, not with culpability or cause. Clearly that portion of the Commonwealth is suffering from suppressed nationality. Her separate nationality has been recognized by legislative Act, but its recognition in practice is withheld. The result is a distrust and discontent so profound that no words of statesmen can remove them. Yet the reconciliation of Ireland remains, as the Prime Minister has more than once declared, a matter of vital importance to the Commonwealth. Our position and authority at the Peace Conference, all our future relations with America and Australia, will be grievously handicapped, unless there is peace at home before we enter it. What, it will be asked, is the worth of our zeal for freedom, for the liberation and self-determination of Poland, the Yugo-Slavs, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Armenians, if the small nation at our doors is not allowed the first right of a nation, self-government?

**Is Ireland
a
Nation?**

The only answer which accords with our present attitude implies or asserts that Ireland is not a separate nationality but really a part of England, in spite of the fact that some salt water has, unfortunately, got into an accidental depression between the two countries. And it puzzles and distresses people who think this, that Ireland should not be content to be an English Province enjoying equal laws and the large measure of individual liberty which is (or was before the birth of "Dora") the happy lot of those who live under the Union Jack. We may agree that nation-

ality is to some extent a conventional thing, and that if the history of the relations between the two peoples had been different the Irish might have long ago been content to join with other races in forming the English or British nation. A nation is a moral entity, not a physical one. It is not necessarily based upon race or any other bond but upon the active and persistent desire of some segment of humanity to live as a separate unit, independent of others. The great Dominions, predominantly of the same race as the inhabitants of these islands, have evolved into distinct nationalities and it is their will, not the will of the Mother country, that determines their relations towards her. Statesmen, however much they may deplore the fact, must learn to admit that Ireland has never desired to be one nation with England in the manner in which the Scotch and Welsh have so become. Its people might have benefitted materially had they done so: the resources of their country would have been developed enormously: they might, as the Scotch and the Welsh have done, have become rulers of England: they might have increased and multiplied upon their own soil until, in a country two-thirds the size of England, they numbered two-thirds, instead of one-ninth, of its population. But the Irish have preferred to remain distinct and forgo all the benefits of amalgamation, and the difficulty of this situation is not surmounted by ignoring the fact and saying it ought to have been otherwise. Prominent of its own nature at the Peace Conference and in all plans for the political and social reconstruction of the world is the question—Is Ireland really a nation? It is for those who answer, no, to disabuse Irishmen of the notion that she is, for so long as they think so, they will claim national rights.

**Danger
of
Class Warfare.**

In addition to this international problem there is the domestic difficulty due to the possibility of class-warfare or Bolshevism. The withdrawal of organized Labour from the Coalition Government on the eve of reconstruction is significant of its mistrust of those now in power. For the first time in history, the distinction between Government and Opposition in the new Parliament will be mainly based upon class. What this may lead to, who shall say? There are not wanting preachers of Bolshevism already amongst us, and when speech and writing become unfettered their efforts will be multiplied. Yet it may be doubted whether the workers of this country are much affected by these anarchic views or even by the milder aims of socialism. They may give adherence to certain ideals which are held out to them, without

¹ We do not mention the allied question of N.E. Ulster, where a majority of the population oppose the national aspirations of the minority and of practically the rest of Ireland, because the dissentients do not claim to be, nor could they logically do so, a distinct nationality.

being fully aware of the nature of the steps to be taken to realize them; they certainly do, and should as human beings, resent bitterly the exploitation to which they are subjected by an unsound industrial system, but they are not going consciously to sacrifice their individuality and independence to the fetish of an efficient mercantile State. It is lamentable that any class in the community, but especially that the largest class, should consider itself unjustly treated by the rest, but so long as Labour and Capital hold apart and pursue separate interests this source of disunion will persist. In other words, as long as those who hold wealth take it to be their interest to have a large supply of landless workers to draw upon, as long as the vast majority of the population are dependent for existence solely upon payment for the work of their hands, the seeds of class-warfare will constantly sprout. The remedy is that the wealthy must learn to work and the worker must have leisure to enjoy life. There should be no human parasites, much less a parasitic class. The general well-being should regulate and moderate the pursuit of individual advantage. Then there would be true national unity and we should not have the scandal of Labour demanding separate representation at the Peace Conference, a demand which can only be justified by the admitted incapacity of Government to attend impartially to Labour's interests there. That the Government is confessedly incapable may be inferred by its acquiescence in the demand and by its failure, though it has won the war, to retain the confidence of the organized workers.

Work and Wages.

Unless this latter menace to peace at home is removed in time, the cessation of the world war will but inaugurate a domestic conflict, prolonged, bitter, and sordid, for the perishable goods of this world, inspired by poverty on the one side and avarice on the other. The glorious opportunities of development in all the arts of peace, brought about by the removal of a perpetual threat of war and the freeing of the world's resources from the necessity of providing against it, will be thwarted and obscured by internecine dissension. It is a real danger; only to be avoided by the co-operation of all elements of the community. The state of war has only accentuated the previous gross inequality in the distribution of wealth, which is the main weakness of our civilization. According to the Inland Revenue Commissioners there were on April 30th last 95 people with incomes over £100,000 a year as against 90 in 1914, and 29,723 people whose aggregate income is £247,257,124 as against 30,211 people in 1914 with an aggregate of £244,769,134. Thus wealth is becoming concentrated into fewer hands. What the excess war-profits last year, an excess taken of course from the

consumer, amounted to may be gathered from the fact that the State's 80 per cent duty, combined with the munitions levy, amounted to £223,116,090. If this has gone on during war, what likelihood is there that it will cease when war activities come to an end, unless there is a change of heart in the commercial world or some more drastic legal limitation of usury? The evil aspects of this form of prosperity are manifest. Wealth is created in the long run out of labour: money remains barren metal unless the human brain and hands give it productiveness. The workers, then, have the first claim upon the product for the means of leading a decent human life. Men are born to labour; Father Adam has seen to that: but they are not born to be slaves, whether of others' desires or their own needs. Until the chief producer of wealth has a decent and assured livelihood as a result of his toil, justice is not satisfied. Other economic relations will have to adjust themselves to this fact. The existence of a "proletariat" is an outrage on Christianity and a disgrace to civilization.

**To Christianize
the
Economic System.**

By the divorce of industrialism from morality and justice it has come about that, although by the natural law the land and produce of every country should belong to its inhabitants, the bulk of the population of this country have neither land nor house that they can call their own. The sociological student from Mars, knowing nothing of our political or economic history, would wonder at the existence and persistence of this phenomenon in a country claiming to be in the forefront of civilization. Reconstruction which does not aim at restoring the country to its native occupants but leaves it in the hands of a comparatively few, whilst millions of landless men and women must spend their lives in working for others in return for a subsistence wage, is merely tinkering at the evil. Peace and national unity will never be achieved whilst such glaring, unjust and removable inequalities are tolerated, and considered as inevitable. They are, of course, inevitable if there is no moral law and no God of justice behind that law. Human selfishness cannot be effectively restrained except by God's commandments and their sanction. And so, as Christian social reformers are constantly urging, industry must again be brought under the control of ethics, and the State must, if necessary, extend and multiply its interventions in support of morality. The ground-plan of a new social order was long ago laid in Pope Leo's famous encyclical, which has since been elaborated and filled in by other Catholic publicists. Our readers have not, we trust, forgotten Cardinal Bourne's bold plea for a Christianized society in his Lenten Pastoral of this year, and latterly his Eminence in a Trade journal¹ has formulated eight social

¹ *The Beardmore News* see *The Universe*, Oct. 25, 1918.

principles the adoption of which would go far to avert the danger to which our present unjust economic system exposes the State.

**A Field
for
Catholic Energy.**

As this journal has frequently urged, it is a main duty of lay-Catholics to follow the lead of the Church in this matter. They enjoy the inestimable advantage of having a stable and well-founded moral standard to which to refer the conduct of life. They should be the first to protest against any violation of that standard: they should show by speech and act how the Gospel makes the good citizen. We are aware that much is being done already. The Catholic Social Guild, which held its fourth wartime Conference at Stoke at the end of October, has not only published the Cardinal's famous Pastoral but also issued, in view of the very crisis before us, *A Christian Social Crusade*, a volume dealing with reconstruction which should be in the hands of all Catholic workers. So deadening are habit and traditional ways of thought, that many people, especially of the leisured class, are not even aware that reconstruction is called for, in the interests of Christianity itself. Another sign of Catholic activity is afforded by the programme of a Social Study Guild¹ in the great industrial centre of Glasgow, where a series of lectures extending over the winter and spring are to be given on such subjects as *The Process of Dispossession*, *The Wage System*, *The Servile State*, *The Process of Re-possession*. Again, The Catholic Women's League in its various Branches throughout the country is also going in energetically for social study, a work so necessary if the new voters are to acquit themselves conscientiously of their citizen rights. But the field is so vast and so untilled that there is room and need for much more Catholic activity.

**Canonical Approval
of
The Living Wage.**

In this connection we may record with satisfaction that the principle of the living wage is for the first time expressly embodied in the law of the Church. Canon 1524 of the New Code runs as follows: "All persons, and especially clerics, religious and the administrators of ecclesiastical property, should in employing labour, pay the workers a fair and just wage: should see that they have fitting leisure for their religious duties: should by no means withdraw them from the care of their households and the practice of thrift, nor impose on them work beyond their strength and unsuitable to their age or sex." It behoves Catholic employers, if only for example's sake, to take note of the above principle of justice now embodied in positive law, and Catholic employees may well claim its sanction, if ever it is needed, to support their rights.

¹ "The Catholic Guild of Social Study," Bridgeton.

**The Evils
of
Pseudo Science.**

The false evolutionary principles which are the basis of the Prussian war-philosophy have frequently been exposed by Catholic writers,¹ and the general public are ready enough to join in a denunciation of what has so manifestly issued in entire immorality. But if those principles are false when governing the conduct of nations at war, they are equally false as applied to conditions of peace. We are glad to see this fully recognized by different secular journals, though crude Darwinism still sways the minds of *The Globe* and *The Morning Post*. For instance, *The Athenæum* for October strongly insists that industry should not be regarded as the clash of blind economic forces, but should be re-organized on a wholly moral basis, recognizing to the full the essential human dignity of the worker.² And still more explicitly "D," the talented war-correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette*,³ denounces the two pseudo-scientific fallacies which are at the root of so much apathy regarding present social conditions. The first is the theory of Malthus, so dear to the irrational advocates of "birth-control," that the world is in danger of being over-populated, whereas no limit has yet been found to the natural resources of the earth: "They have barely been scratched," says the writer. No less pernicious has been the allied half-truth which Darwin popularized and his followers misapplied—the Struggle for Existence, which ignores both free-will and the immense good effected by co-operation. Both these notions have poisoned and still, with the aid of non-Christian philosophers, poison our whole intellectual atmosphere. Their refutation complete and final should be one of the first tasks of intellectual reconstruction.

**Freedom
versus
Efficiency.**

In certain national crises, such as that through which we have just happily passed, the need for unity of action is so imperative that everything that really prevents or impedes it may rightly be sacrificed. When the house is on fire discussion must be suspended until the fire is put out. And so this country has acquiesced with more or less willingness in a series of enactments which have placed immense power of control over the liberties and property of the citizens in the hands of the Government. Parliament, which should be the voice of the democracy, has been practically silenced, the liberty of the Press has been grievously curtailed, all sorts of sumptuary legislation and other interferences with the private life of the individual have been put into force, Habeas Corpus itself, the bulwark of freedom against

¹ See in this magazine (June, 1916) "A Darwinian Dogmatist on War," wherein the Prussian philosophy of the *Saturday Review* is discussed.

² "What's Wrong with Industry?" *Athenæum*, October, 1918.

³ Issue for November 21st.

arbitrary power, has been freely suspended. Given a Government of Archangels, of spotless integrity in method and aim, the results of this enforced unity could not but be wholly beneficial. As things are, nothing but the need of victory could have reconciled the people to endure their concomitant drawbacks. And now that victory complete and final has been won, martial law, for that is what it practically comes to, should be revoked at the earliest possible moment. That is what the Government is naturally reluctant to do. Having enjoyed immunity from public criticism and effective opposition for so long and having been able in consequence to meet every crisis with greater promptitude, it is not surprising that it should wish to prolong this desirable state of affairs. Nor is it surprising that it has made, for the first time in the history of this country, an open attempt to "arrange" the coming elections in its own favour after the fashion of less democratic lands, and to secure for the various problems of peace the same free hand that patriotism gave it for the one problem of war—the beating of the foe. Whether it is justified in doing so is a matter for the electors to decide. It may be well for them to remember that German efficiency was bought at the expense of freedom.

**The Dangers
of the
Ministry of Health.** There is so much on the face of it to be said for a Ministry of Health, a department *i.e.* of Government devoted to ensuring the general observance of hygienic rules, the provision of sound unadulterated food and drink, sanitation, etc., and curing or preventing the spread of infectious disease, that those who oppose it are bound to state their reasons very plainly. They are based, not on the idea itself thus generally set forth, for the maintenance of public health manifestly is the business of the State, but on the extent to which it is to be developed and the methods by which it is to be worked. The state of a man's body, like the state of his soul, is primarily his own concern: public authority has no right to interfere unless physical or moral disease becomes a nuisance or a danger to the public and then only so far as to suppress those particular ill effects. The idea that the citizen "belongs" to the State, which is thereby justified in insisting upon his maintaining himself in physical efficiency and therefore empowered to see that he shall not mate but with a perfectly healthy wife and beget none but perfectly healthy children, is one which the tribe of eugenis amongst us have borrowed from paganism and the methods of the stock-yard. It is the evidence of their influence in this suggested Ministry that makes the Christian oppose it. The sanctity of the family, the privacy of the home, the rights of the parent are all in jeopardy through the machinations of this un-Christian group

of faddists. The most effectual way of checking their attacks is for Christians to unite in demanding a family living wage for all wage-earners, and decent and healthful housing as well, and in suppressing by legislation those "vested interests" which exploit the poor, "sweat" labour and maintain the slums.

**An Attempt
to license
Polygamy.**

The defeat in the House of Lords on Nov. 13th of Lord Buckmaster's abominable Bill to license polygamy, camouflaged as a measure to enable poor petitioners to break their marriage bond with as much ease as the well-to-do, is a noteworthy check to an infamous propaganda, but it is only a check. The proposal will be urged again in the Commons when the new Parliament assembles. The pagan views of the marriage-contract introduced by Protestantism are too prevalent for us to hope that the matter will be allowed to rest. It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to note that the advocates of easy divorce profess the greatest zeal for morality. Lord Buckmaster said that many separated persons, living with new consorts, were anxious to "sanctify" their adulterous unions by obtaining for them the sanction of the civil law—a capital instance of the legal persuasion that it is law that creates morality. An admirable *exposé* of the unsound position of these assailants of matrimony may be found in *The Tablet* for Nov. 24th, as also in a pamphlet, *Why Catholics oppose Divorce*, published by the Westminster Federation. Therein it is shown that such opposition is motivated as much by zeal for the well-being of society as for the observance of religious prohibitions. There is nothing in essence to distinguish the proposals of Lord Buckmaster and his following from the bestial "free-love" decrees credited to the Bolsheviks at Vladimir and summarized in *The Observer* for Nov. 3rd.

THE EDITOR.

NOTE.—The lapse of ten years since the Index to THE MONTH was published suggests the issue of a Supplement which should keep before the eyes of the public the useful matter contributed to our pages in the interval. The Manager, who has this ten-years' Supplementary Index ready for the press, would be glad to receive orders for it (Manresa Press: Roehampton, S.W. 15), from those who have the original Index and others who file or have access to collections of THE MONTH. Its cost will be announced later.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Apocryphal Gospels of the Infancy [P. Peeters in *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclésiastique*, July—Oct., 1918].

Bankruptcy Law, Moral Aspect of [Dr. F. R. Noel in *Catholic World*, Oct., 1918, p. 32].

Marriage: Valid Consent according to the New Code [Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, D.D., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1918, p. 274].

Vocation to Religious Life [H. Davis, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug., Sept., 1918, pp. 109, 216].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Armada, Right Views about [E. R. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, Sept. 7, 14, 21, 1918].

Canada, The Language Question inflamed by Orange bigotry [M. J. Phelan, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct., 1918, p. 307].

Catholic Education, Grave obligation on Parents to secure for their Children [P. L. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 21, 1918, p. 586].

Gibbon: his anti-Catholic bias exposed [H. Belloc in *Studies*, Sept., 1918, p. 369].

Immorality, State encouragement of [Regul. 40, D.] denounced [Fr. Vincent M'Nabb in *The Catholic Citizen*, Nov. 15, 1918].

Marriage, The Secular Attack on [*Tablet*, Nov. 23, 1918, p. 567].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bellarmino, his Beatification [P. Dudon in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1918, p. 348].

Catholic Universities in the United States [J. J. Walsh in *America*, Sept., 1918, p. 416].

Catholic Women, How they can raise the moral tone of Society [Mrs. Egerton Castle in *Universe*, Nov. 1, 1918, p. 13].

Cinema, The Problems of the [E. Garesché, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 12, 1918, p. 10].

Church, How she stands to gain by Allied Victory [J. J. O'Gorman, D.C.L., in *Universe*, Oct. 25, 1918].

Ethics and Economics at variance in modern Industry [*Athenaeum*, Oct. 1918, p. 419].

Holy Land, French Claims to Religious Protectorate of [Cardinal Maurin in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Nov. 15, 1918, p. 315].

Palestine, French Claims in [XXX in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 1, 15, 1918, pp. 129, 215].

Maas, The Attempt to restore by Anglicans [*Tablet*, Nov. 2, 1918].

Mission Countries, Native Clergy for [Mgr. J. Freri in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct., 1918, p. 355].

Slavs of Austria, Clergy and Nationalities amongst the [R. Pichon in *Revue des Jeunes*, Nov. 10, 1918, p. 533].

Social Welfare, The Foundations of [Card. Bourne in *Universe*, Oct. 25, 1918].

Socialism denounced as unpatriotic by American Socialists [*America*, Oct. 26, 1918 p. 64].

REVIEWS

1—A NEW BOOK ON LOGIC¹

FATHER TOOHEY'S *Logic* is expressly intended to serve as a text-book for lectures in the class-room. It is well adapted for this purpose. Each chapter contains a concise synopsis of the subjects there treated, but the explanation is not of the detailed character requisite for the student who is endeavouring to master the science by himself. Only in regard to a few points is there anything like a discussion of controverted questions, and even in these cases the contentious matter does not appear in the text, but is relegated to a series of notes at the end of the volume. It is plain that a book of this kind presents advantages both for teacher and learner. The teacher is left more free in his exposition of a subject than he would be if a detailed treatment was in the hands of his class: and at the same time the students have the benefit of a scientific summary, setting the different parts of the treatise in relation to each other. We should not be surprised if the work were somewhat widely employed. It is, however, necessary to point out that Fr. Toohey's system is marked by certain peculiarities, which make it differ rather widely from the traditional Logic of the Schools. Conspicuous among these is his theory of the syllogism. He maintains that the mind has but a single inferential process, and that this is scientifically expressed, not by the categorical, but by the hypothetical syllogism. The former he declares to be merely an inadequate and unscientific expression of a hypothetical argument. We are, indeed, accustomed to draw up our reasoning as follows:—

All men are mortal,
But all kings are men,
Therefore all kings are mortal.

But in fact we have here only the minor premise and the conclusion of our argument, the minor premise being divided into two clauses and made to appear as though it were both major and minor. The true scientific way of expressing our mental process would be to give the argument in this form:—

If all men are mortal and all kings are men, then all kings are mortal,
But all men are mortal and all kings are men,
Therefore all kings are mortal: (p. 84).

¹ *An Elementary Handbook of Logic*. By John J. Toohey, professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Georgetown University, Washington. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss. Pp. xiv. 241. Price, \$1.00. 1918.

It is manifest that this account of syllogistic reasoning would, if it were true, amount to a revolution. The doctrine of the syllogism is the pivot on which the whole Aristotelian Logic turns. If this be rejected, the system breaks down all along the line. In view of this fact, we hardly think that Fr. Toohey is justified in saying: "In text-books on Logic it is customary to omit the major premise 'of the foregoing syllogism, and to treat the two simple propositions constituting the compound proposition of the minor premise as two separate premises.'" The words seem to imply that other authors have adopted the usual form of expression for reasons of brevity, and not on scientific grounds. It is needless to say that every Scholastic logician accepts the Aristotelian analysis, and holds the categorical syllogism to be the absolutely adequate expression of the inferential process. Another important point as to which Fr. Toohey deserts the Logic of the Schools is the theory of the Predicables. Induction lies outside his scope. Presumably this subject is a less essential element in American examination-papers than on this side of the Atlantic. The divergence from traditional paths which we have indicated, will perhaps make the book less serviceable than would otherwise have been the case, to those who wish to adhere to the Scholastic system. In other quarters the merits of the work may be held to compensate for this drawback.

2—THE SOUL OF WORDS¹

WE are familiar with the laws of phonetic change which govern the evolution of vocables and explain them on principles derived from the character of our organs of speech, and their tendency to move along certain instinctive paths of what is called phonetic decay. But there is another class of laws derived from the nature and working of the human mind which govern the evolution of the meanings attached to words, as, for instance, the evolution of the word spirit (*spiritus*), which originally meant simply *wind*, to signify conceptions so abstract and various as the spiritual principle, or soul, in man, the higher order of beings whom we call spirits, including even the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, or again the spirit of a book, of a nation, or of a game. The laws of phonetics have been generally and carefully studied of late years, but the laws in this case, chiefly mental not purely physical, have attracted far less attention. Padre Restrepo describes his own little work as the first on the subject which has

¹ *El Alma de las Palabras. Diseño de Semantica General.* Por Felix Restrepo, S.J. Barcelona: Imprenta Editorial Barcelonesa. Pp. 232. 1917.

been published in Spain, and we might almost say the same of England, though in Germany and France it has given rise to a certain department of literature, styled in Germany *Bedeutungslehre*, in which the names of authors such as Bréal, Brugmann, Darmesteter, van Grimeken, Nycop, figure prominently. For our own language a distinctive name is still to find, but we may adopt provisionally the name "Semantica," which F. Restrepo gives to his little book, and which, being derived from the Greek σημαίνω (to signify) accords with the genius of English as well as with that of Spanish.

The processes which govern the transition of words from one meaning to another are to a large extent arbitrary, as the author points out, especially in his Appendix. It might be thought then impossible to assign any rules or to classify the instances. This, however, is not the case, as certain rules capable of being defined are always followed, except that there is a certain arbitrariness in selecting this rule rather than that which in individual cases prevails, rather than any rigid conformity to general laws, which could enable one to predict what particular course would be inevitably followed. It is these rules and classifications which F. Restrepo investigates and lays down, illustrating them with an abundance of instances, which make his little book particularly instructive and delightful to those who have a taste for philological studies. The fact that the author is on the teaching staff of the College of St. Francis Xavier at Oña explains the thoroughly practical character of this manual, which to those teachers of language and style in our own country who are capable of surmounting the difficulty of a foreign tongue may be thoroughly recommended.

The name of the Manual is suggested by the comparison which sees in the articulated sounds the body, but in the ideas they convey the soul, of the word.

3—HOUSING¹

EVERYONE who is interested—and who is not?—in the vital question of housing has reason to be thankful to any and every writer who, having studied the question at first hand, has been at the pains to record his experience of attempts to solve the problems in the past, and to formulate suggestions for the future. Among such writers Mr. E. J. Smith of Bradford holds an honourable place, and his modest pamphlet entitled, *Housing: The Present Opportunity*, deserves at least a paragraph or two of favourable notice.

¹ *Housing: The Present Opportunity*. By E. J. Smith. Author of *Race Regeneration*, &c. London: P. S. King and Co. Pp. 98. Price 1s.

Dealing—too exclusively perhaps—with housing conditions at Bradford, which would seem to be or to have been quite exceptionally bad, Mr. Smith has no difficulty in supplying statistics to prove the waste of life and of health involved in the creation and perpetuation of slums, that is to say—of congeries of insanitary and overcrowded dwellings. So far all will agree with him, though it is much to be desired that this agreement as to the nature and magnitude of the evil should bear fruit in more energetic action than has yet been taken by the too many, nay perhaps the greater number, of our local authorities. It will, moreover, be very generally conceded that, so far as may be possible, it is wiser to make provision for the building of workmen's cottages on the outskirts of cities and towns, where land is relatively cheap and the surroundings healthy and pleasant, rather than to rebuild on the old sites of demolished slums.

Here, however, unanimity of agreement will probably end. It is probable or at least arguable that in almost every big town there is a class or more than one class of workers who must live near the place of their employment, or who, at any rate, not unreasonably wish to do so, and experience—learned elsewhere than in Bradford—would seem to show that a good average of health can be maintained under such conditions, provided that the dwellings themselves—not necessarily self-contained cottages—are sufficiently roomy, adequately ventilated and provided with suitable sanitary arrangements, and not too closely packed. It is, moreover, of the highest importance that such dwellings should be made accessible to the class of tenant by whom they are really required, and this condition can be fulfilled only when some system of "restricted tenancy," either immediately under a local authority or under its efficient control, is adopted. If it be said that it is impossible to build and let such dwellings at an economic rent, even though the assessment of site values be drastically lowered, and even though wage-rates be considerably raised, the answer would seem to be that the deficit must be made good by the taxation of those whose interests are served by the near proximity of a considerable supply of available labour. Nor can we agree with Mr. Smith when he says that "the suggestion to transfer the inhabitants of slums to modern dwellings and facilities is . . . impossible—for experience proves they will not go." On the contrary, the experience cited in a recent issue of *THE MONTH* would seem to prove not only that under suitable circumstances the inhabitants of slums "will go" into such buildings, but that in constantly increasing numbers they actually have gone into them, with the happiest results.

The other day we heard a preacher laying down the proposition that the way to deal with certain religious difficulties was *his* way,

and that another way, which he specified, was "sheer waste of time." It was impossible not to wish that the speaker would recognize that though his way was doubtless excellent, there might, after all, be others. And so in the matter of housing, Mr. Smith's suggestions have their undoubted value; this pamphlet will well repay study. Where he fails to carry conviction is, we think, in his apparent unwillingness to recognize that suggestions other than his own may have their value under circumstances somewhat different from those which he has in mind throughout.

H. L.

4—A SPANISH TEXT-BOOK OF MORAL THEOLOGY¹

THE fame of Father John Baptist Ferreres as Canonist and Moral Theologian has long since spread far beyond the limits of his native country. His monograph on "Real and Apparent Death in Relation to the Sacraments" has even been translated into English, and his other separate treatises on such subjects as Sponsalia and the Decree *Ne Temere*, the Status of Nuns in Canon Law, Portable Altars, the Bula de Cruzada, Stipends for Masses, etc., have enjoyed a well merited popularity among professors and ecclesiastical students. Some years ago the learned author undertook to edit a new edition of the well-known *Compendium Theologiae Moralis* of Father J. Gury, S.J., with special reference to the conditions prevailing in the Spanish peninsula and in Latin America. This work was honoured as far back as 1909 with a commendatory brief of the late Pontiff Pius X., but the changes necessitated by the publication of the new Codex of Canon Law called for a fundamental revision. This Father Ferreres has supplied with wonderful promptitude and the book before us is the outcome of his diligence. The fact that the *Imprimatur* appended to the second volume bears date 23rd Feb., 1918, will give an idea of the expedition with which he has worked. This is not a time when lengthy reviews are practicable and we do not doubt that in those matters in which we might be tempted to hold a different opinion from the writer he would be able to give respectable authority for the solution which he has preferred. Beyond certain topics with which Father Ferreres' name has already been associated, e.g., the administration of Extreme Unction after apparent death, we do not notice that many new points have been taken up and treated by the author with special developments. We are rather surprised, for example, to find that of the moral problems suggested by the war, none, if we except perhaps that of the spread of syphilis, are fully treated. The matter remains substantially the same as

¹ J. B. Ferreres *Compendium Theologiae Moralis*. 2 vols. Barcelona: E. Subirana. Price, in cloth, 23 pesetas. 1918.

that comprehended in the original text book of Father Gury. The special features of the book are the care devoted to the problems arising in Spanish speaking countries from social conditions and the civil law, and secondly, as already noted, the very careful study of the new Codex in its bearing on all moral questions. Father Ferreres possesses the great gift of expressing himself clearly and his general moderation of tone is most commendable.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

NATURALLY the promulgation last May of the New Code of Canon Law has forced the theologians to revise their treatises. Few can have been in the field so early as Fr. Nicholas Sebastiani, a Professor in the Lateran Seminary, who signed the preface to the new edition of his *Theologiae Moralis Summarium* (Marietti: 8.50 fr.) "ad Codicem Juris Canonici accommodata" on May 1st. By the use of small but clear print he has managed to get a great deal of matter into the 400 odd pages of his treatise, which, since it has a good index, should be valuable as a book of reference.

APOLOGETIC.

Although his publisher calls John Ayscough's new book, *Fernando* (John Long: 7s. net), a novel, it will be more accurately classified as a spiritual biography, an account of the author's progress from the wilderness to the Fold. It affords another instance of the endless variety of routes by which that particular journey is made, for it is like no other "apologia" of our acquaintance. Although *Fernando*, as he calls himself, casts his opening chapters, his account of his paternal and maternal ancestors, into the guise of fiction, there is nothing merely imaginative in his description of the influence upon his life and ideals of an incomparable mother, to whom although he preceded her in joining the Church, he mainly owed his conversion. A deep personal love of our Lord, inspired by her, and an unshaken belief in His Divinity were the motives which led him gradually to where that love may best be satisfied and that belief is alone secure. The stammering lips and ambiguous formularies of Anglicanism on the vital subjects of the Real Presence and prayers for the dead could give him no contentment, and the discovery, made comparatively late, that no one in the "orbis terrarum" believes in Anglican Orders as creating a Sacrificial priesthood, save a section of Anglicanism itself, drove him finally "ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem." The story has all the charm of *Gracechurch* with its vivid vignettes of character, added to the interest of a soul's development. May it hasten the steps of many readers still in the desert and help to guide them into the pastures of the Church.

Additional testimony to the inadequacy of the present "Catechism of Christian Doctrine" as a means of introducing beginners, whether infants or adults, to the teaching of the Church is afforded by the publication of *The Words of Life* (Washbourne: 2s. bound) by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., which is described as a "Handbook of Explanations for those seeking Knowledge of the Catholic Faith," and which aims at presenting in a more logical and connected form than does the Catechism the groundwork and

main lines of revelation. Father Martindale has found amongst many adults seeking instruction such a slender outfit of belief to build upon that he has been constrained to begin with the proofs of God's existence and the necessity of revelation before proceeding to the economy of the Incarnation. But the arrangement of his little treatise, which is a sketch capable of indefinite expansion, is such that it will be found useful for those in every stage of religious uncertainty. And it certainly will be a boon to those instructing them.

Some approach to the ideal Catechism for children lately pleaded for in this Review has seemingly been made by the Presentation Brothers, who publish a **Supplementary Catechism of Christian Doctrine** (Washbourne: 2d. net). It departs freely from the order and contents of the ordinary Catechism and expands the answers to considerable length, part only of which is meant to be memorized. But simplicity of language has not always been successfully attained: there are many words left for the catechist to explain which need not have been introduced into the text: moreover, some of the definitions, notably those giving the notes of the Church are not exhaustive enough. It is not enough, for instance, to make the Church Apostolic to show that "she has never taught except what the Apostles taught" unless she has taught *all* that the Apostles taught. Still, the attempt to provide a more easily intelligible Catechism is praiseworthy: by the multiplication and collation of such attempts we may at last arrive at an ideal.

DEVOTIONAL.

We must congratulate Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B., on the completion of his trilogy on Mysticism by the publication of **Mysticism True and False** (Burns and Oates: 5s. net). As we have pointed out in reviewing the former volumes, *The Mystical Knowledge of God* and *The Mystical Life*, Fr. Louismet is anxious to separate the notion of Mysticism from the miraculous manifestations and supernatural gifts which sometimes attach to the life of the mystic. These are accidental effects, neither to be desired nor merited, whereas the life of union with God, motivated by His love and in harmony with His will, constitutes the essence of Mysticism. This doctrine has the advantage of encouraging all Christian souls to aim at a perfection to which indeed all are invited in the Scriptures of the New Testament. In this concluding volume, the pious author shows in detail how they should proceed, what positive obstacles have to be got rid of and what errors avoided. Breadth and soundness of view, zeal and prudence are marked features of his treatment.

The Editor of the late Bishop Hedley's **Spiritual Retreat for Religious** (Burns and Oates: 5s. net) Dom J. C. Almond, O.S.B., rightly judges that whatever the Bishop has uttered on the Spiritual life is well worth preserving. And so he publishes the twenty-two discourses which Dr. Hedley delivered during a retreat which he gave in 1876 at Oulton Abbey and which were taken down in shorthand by one of the exercitants. Here we have, then, an intimate revelation of the Bishop's ideals spoken *ex abundantia cordis*, without any wider public in view and without the elaboration which necessarily marks the written treatise. It will be prized by all those who are zealous for the higher gifts, for it is stimulating, prudent and practical.

The needs of the religious life are perhaps more copiously supplied in the excellent edition of Father P. Dunoyer's **Spiritual Exercises** (Wash-

bourne: 6s. net) translated by Miss E. Staniforth. The bulk of the book is devoted to considerations and devotions, arranged for the one-day monthly retreats practised in most religious orders and set forth in great fulness to cover the whole year. Besides five exercises for each day, there are various practices of devotion, methods of making the Way of the Cross and saying the Rosary etc., to fill in the time most profitably. In fact, the volume is a spiritual compendium of much completeness.

PHILOSOPHY.

We noticed Father Rickaby's **Moral Philosophy, Ethics, Deontology and Natural Law**. (Fourth edition. Longmans: 7s. 6d. net) in our last number. We failed, however, to do justice to the significance of the new title-page and to the new index. The first page of the book has been rewritten to explain the title. "Ethics consider human acts in their bearing on human happiness; or, what is the same thing, in their agreement or disagreement with man's rational nature and their making for or against his last end. Deontology is the study of moral obligation, or the fixing of what logicians call the *comprehension* of the idea *I ought*. Ethics deal with τὸ πρέπον 'the becoming'; Deontology with τὸ δεόν, 'the obligatory. Deontology is the science of Duty, as such. Natural Law determines duties in detail, the *extension* of the idea *I ought*, and thus is the foundation of Casuistry. Ethics are antecedent to Natural Theology; Deontology consequent upon it." This makes a considerable modification of the structure of the work. The table of *Corrigenda* shows further modifications of detail, notably as regards the immutability of the natural law, in which the author has gone back to St. Thomas, and so doing has fallen in with modern thought. Here the new note on *dispensatio*, p. 273, is interesting. The new index is a decided improvement. The get-up of the book does credit to the Manresa Press in these hard days.

POETRY.

Everything in **The Station Platform and other Verses** (Sands and Co.: 2s. 6d. net), by Miss Margaret Mackenzie is grave and dignified, instinct with spiritual views expressed in the simplest of language. Her most elaborate verse-form is the sonnet in which she shows great skill but her favourite metre is a glowing succession of lines of varying length, sometimes unrhymed. In all there is evident an observant eye and an apt sense of natural loveliness as the vesture of the Unseen.

Our readers have long been familiar with Mr. Theodore Maynard's poetry, and they will be glad to find in his new volume **Folly and other Poems** (Erskine Macdonald: 5s. net) many lines they had previously admired in **THE MONTH**. A new inspiration has lately entered his life, as the graceful dedication frankly tells us, and several exquisite songs and sonnets show how authentic it is. For the rest, these poems are full of the Catholic spirit winged with a soaring fancy and fittingly embodied in joyous and buoyant metres. A notable *tour de force* is the Chaucerian *New Canterbury Tale*.

There is nothing in **The Four Ages and other Poems** (Burns and Oates: 3s. 6d. net) by Rita Francis Mosscockle to stir the blood or stop the breath. It is all gentle, smooth, melodious, born of placid musings, deep religious feelings and an apt poetic vocabulary. But her very facility at times betrays the poetess into the commonplace and her powers of self-criticism are not used to the full.

In **The Passing of Trains** (The Author: 10d. post free) Mr. Francis Albino's somewhat pedestrian Muse deplores the un-Christian aspect of the industrial world. The vehicle of his plaint is irregular blank verse which, though grave and dignified, does not serve to elevate the theme above the level of impressive prose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The promise and the performance of **Idols and Idylls**, (Burns and Oates: 5s. net), "by a Public School Boy," are alike remarkable. Many of the essays, if not ascribed to that authorship, might be taken as the utterance of adult experience, the expression of boyhood memories artistically selected and presented. Others are crude enough, mainly for lack of that experience which gives reality to definitions, but all display a certain ease and power of language, and freshness of thought which should go to the equipment of the "complete essayist." The Alma Mater of the writer—we are not obscurely told that it is Stonyhurst—has reason to be proud of one who has "commenced author" so early and so creditably. The book gives a valuable insight into what is very largely an unknown world to the majority of English folk—the life and spirit of a Catholic English School.

After Mr. Devas' classic work on Political Economy, which is now in process of being recast and brought up to date, English-speaking Catholics have no better introduction to that science and no surer guide through its intricacies than Mgr. Canon Parkinson's **Primer of Social Science** (C.S.G.) lately revised by its author and reprinted in a second edition (8,000 to 13,000). As so much of our industrial relations are in the melting-pot, a sound knowledge of principles is all the more necessary in those who wish to help in building up a better world. By means of this excellent little book, the value of which has been tested in numberless study-clubs throughout the country, the student will be able to distinguish the grain from the chaff in the many proposals for social betterment before the public, and contribute his own share to the formation of a sound public opinion.

Mr. J. M. Flood has collected in a small volume **Poets of the Faith** (C.T.S. of Ireland: 1s.6d. net) from different magazines six scholarly essays of his, in which he deals with the influence of the Catholic spirit on poetry—an immense field of which only certain sections are here approached. Mr. Flood shows wide reading and on the whole a well-balanced judgment. He is mistaken, however, in considering the Latin of St. Thomas a dead language: it was, in fact, the Esperanto of Europe for many a long century, and its departure from classical forms did not make it obscure but rather more clear and precise.

Much has been written by Catholics in France about War and Peace, even before the European conflict came to test or to emphasize these contentions. Naturally, the war has called for a fuller statement of the Catholic doctrine, and Father Marcel Chossat, S.J., has published this year in the columns of *Etudes*, a careful exposition of the ethics of the subject in the light of Natural Law as confirmed by Christianity. These valuable essays are now republished in a handy volume, **La Guerre et la Paix d'après le droit naturel chrétien** (Bloud and Gay: 3.50 fr), which is well worth the study of those interested in international reconstruction. Father Chossat first of all establishes the standard of right which is absolute

and independent of human volition, and which the Christian revelation has further defined and emphasized. Then, after showing that both reason and religion approve of just war but of no other, he discusses the elements of justness in the case, and winds up with those necessary to establish a just peace. The whole subject is illuminated by references to the present struggle which give point and force to the doctrine.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. E. P. Warren, M.A. (Harvard), makes a gentle and humorous plea in **Classical and American Education** (Longmans: 1s. 6d. net) for leaving the Oxford spirit and atmosphere alone: it is unique in itself and in its effects, whilst the advantages it lacks can be got, by those that desire them, elsewhere.

Getting the Turk completely and permanently out of Europe, is but one half of the problem created by his existence; the other half is how to protect various Asian races from his maleficence. Amongst them none has a greater claim upon humanity than the Armenians, whom the Turks, with the connivance of Germany, strove in the most brutal manner to exterminate during the war. For this crime alone, the Turks deserve to be outlawed by the human race and, if permitted still to exist as a nation, their poisonous fangs must first be drawn. What the Allies propose to do and why they should do it—and much more—may be gathered from a series of pamphlets, at 3d. net, published by the Armenian Bureau (153, Regent Street, W., 1), viz., **Armenia's Charter**, a number of appreciations of Armenian services to Allied cause; **Constantinople the Solar Plexus of the War**; **The Future of the Near East**, by Sir Mark Sykes; **The Tragedy of Armenia**, by Henry Morgenthau; and **Impressions of Armenia**, by the Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P.

The Catholic Mind for Sept. 22, Oct. 8th and 22nd, contains a number of valuable papers, notably a discussion on grace and free-will called *Why Men Sin*, by Father Hull, S.J.; *Is Catholicism of Pagan origin?* by the same; the completion of Father Reville's list, *List of Books on Apologetics and Controversy*—a useful summary which might easily be doubled in length and utility; *The Beginning of the Western Schism*, by M. I. X. Millar, S.J.; *Ireland's Address to President Wilson*, the famous Mansion House statement of June 11th, the suppression of which by the British censor has not conduced to the understanding of Ireland's position; and finally, *Emerson's Transcendentalism*, by J. C. Collins, S.J.

The Catholic Truth Society is busily engaged in reprinting its depleted stocks but has lately issued **A Talk with Children about Foreign Missions**, by Maisie Ward, well calculated to arouse the interest of the little ones in the Apostolate, a revised edition of **A Little Book of Indulged Prayers** and **The True Church**, by J. Keating, S.J. A simple non-controversial statement of the character of the Church as founded and described by God Incarnate and of the claims of the Catholic Church of Rome alone to correspond with the purpose and the description.

One of the many anomalies connected with Anglicanism is the existence of a keen missionary endeavour in its midst. It is of comparatively late growth, but the wonder is that it is there at all. What call can an essentially National Church have to evangelize non-nationals? What possible right has an Anglican to ask the Hindoo or the Chinaman to embrace the form of Christianity evolved by Englishmen? Yet he apparently does, with

naturally indifferent success, and only by for the nonce identifying Anglicanism with the Church of Christ. Under that assumption a sub-committee of the Control Board of Missions has issued a report on **The Missionary Work of the Church** (S.P.C.K. : 6d. net) which is a very thorough piece of work and takes candid stock of the facts, notably of the fact that the Anglican Church itself has not hitherto taken corporate interest in Foreign Missions but left the work to unofficial and quasi-independent groups of its members.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVI. Nos. 18, 19, 20.
- ARMENIAN BUREAU, London.
Five pamphlets dealing with the Armenian Question.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Correspondances du Siècle dernier. By L. de Lanzac de Laborie. Pp. 344. Price, 4.80 fr.
- BLACKWELL, Oxford.
In Time of War. By Clement Webb. Pp. 105. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- BURNS & OATES, London.
Mysticism, True and False. By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. Pp. xv. 145. Price, 5s. net. *Idols and Idylls*. By a Public School Boy. Pp. x. 120. Price, 5s. net. *The Words of Life*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. vi. 58. Price, 2s. net.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, London.
A Primer of Social Science. By Right Rev. Mgr. H. Parkinson. 2nd. Edit. Pp. xii. 285.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
Several Penny Pamphlets.
- DUFFY & Co., Dublin.
Silver Linings. By J. J. Gaffney, C.C. Pp. 69. Price unstated.
- GABALDA, Paris.
Leçons sur la Messe. By Mgr. Pierre Batiffol. Pp. xii. 330. Price, 5.75 fr.
- KING & Co., London.
Housing: the Present Opportunity. By E. J. Smith. Pp. 98. Price, 1s. n.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
Sa Majesté le Fer. By J. and H. Rousset. Illustrated. Pp. 120. Price, 2.00 fr. *La Parole*. By Lucien Fournier. Illustrated. Pp. 112. Price, 2.00 fr. *Travaux de Dames*. By M. de Saint-Genès. Illustrated. Pp. 240. Price, 1.50 fr. Several illustrated stories.
- LONG, London.
Fernando. By John Ayscough. Pp. 320. Price, 6s. net.
- LONGMANS, London.
Spiritualism and the Christian Faith. By the Rev. E. W. Barnes, Sc.D. Pp. 60. Price, 2s. net. *The Johannine Writings*. By the Rev. A. Nairne, D.D. Pp. 114. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Catholic Tales*. By D. L. Sayers. Pp. 64. Price, 3s. net. *Classical and American Education*. By E. P. Warren, M.A. Pp. 23. Price, 1s. 6d. net.
- SANDS & Co., London.
Shrines in Alsace-Lorraine. By E. M. H. M'Kerlie. Pp. xi. 179. Price, 4s. net. *The Station Platform and Other Verses*. By Margaret Mackenzie. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Mystics All*. By E. M. Dinis. Pp. 227. Price, 4s. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.
Joseph and Asenath. By E. W. Brooks. Pp. xx. 64. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Third and Fourth Book of Maccabees*. By C. W. Emmet, B.D. Pp. xiv. 75. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- WAGNER, New York.
The Four Gospels. By the Rev. C. J. Callan, O.P. Pp. xii. 557. Price, 17s. 6d.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
Poems. By A. B. Purdie. Pp. 39. Price, 1s. net. *The Catholic Diary for 1919*. Price, (cloth) 2s. net.

NOTE.—We have to announce that owing to the shortage of paper the usual Title-page, Contents and Index of Vol. 132 will be supplied with the January issue, only to those who apply to the Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W., in the interval.

